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THE KING'S ARRIVAL AT EDINBURGH, MAY 11: THE LORD PROVOST PRESENTING THE CITY KEYS TO HIS MAJESTY AT WAVERLEY STATION.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SCOTLAND.

The Lord Provost, in welcoming his Majesty, presented the keys of the city, which the Town Clerk bore on a crimson cushion. The King returned the keys to the Chief Magistrate, saying he was convinced they could not be in better hands.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The art critic of the *Tailor and Cutter* has been examining the costumes on the Academy walls, and finds in them more evidence of national inefficiency. "It is high time England awoke!" he exclaims, when his indignant eye lights upon the derangement of lapels, buttons, and seams in the numerous portraits of noblemen and gentlemen. Uniforms are fairly accurate, though the German Emperor has "rather an excess of material on the inside of the leg." But the civilian garb is deplorable without exception. "S. L. Melville, Esq.," wears the "clumsiest coat it is possible to conceive: the right lapel is at least five times as large as the left." With this deadly judgment in my hand, I looked at the offending lapels, and to my unaccustomed eye the left appeared much larger than the right. This comes of being no art critic! I fancy that "S. L. Melville, Esq.," was painted in that clumsy coat because he liked it. He likes one lapel to be bigger than the other. "Getting very bald, Sir," said the barber with the lotion to sell to the testy customer. "I like being bald," said the testy customer, who did not want the lotion. And I am afraid that "S. L. Melville, Esq.," will continue indifferent to the clothes which the *Tailor and Cutter* calls "sartorial masterpieces."

But the case of the Rev. Nevison Loraine and his dog is another affair. The art critic grimly suggests that the reverend gentleman meekly desired to offer "an excellent background for the dog." For his "clerical S.B. frock-coat is unrelieved by a single seam." I can bear witness to this. Long and anxiously did I search the portrait, and not a seam was there! Worst of all, "the sleeve is half-way up to his elbow." It may be pleaded in extenuation that he is holding the dog, a remarkably fine and affectionate beast, and that the sleeve has been forced up his arm by the friction until it is a mass of unbecoming creases. Nay, the artist may say that he connived at this because it looked so natural. Natural to wear no seams, and a sleeve that breaks a tailor's heart! Do women, sitting for their portraits, allow their taste in dress to be thus represented? If your new coat is sent home with one lapel five times larger than the other, do you wear it? I can hear "S. L. Melville, Esq.," say, "Of course"; but he is eccentric. If the average man will not let his tailor persuade him that the absence of buttons does not matter, why does he make this concession to the portrait-painter? Why go down to posterity buttonless and seamless? Apparently, the only safeguard is to be painted "in velvet Court dress and Sheriff's robe of scarlet cloth and sable, truly a splendid picture." Mr. Loraine had better leave the Church and turn Sheriff.

I have no luck in dreams. My brain in sleep performs many pranks, but never transacts any rational business. Some people frequently dream of important things that are about to happen, with or without their consent. The ideal dream is an event you most desire, which comes true on the following day. A correspondent at Lewes, the Rev. Mr. Hawkerford, excites my envy by telling me how his wife lost a valuable gold watch on the Downs, dreamed that it would be found by a certain school-girl, and had the satisfaction next day to learn that this identical girl had found it. All the circumstances seem to exclude any possibility of self-deception. The dream was related before the finding of the watch; many people had already made a fruitless search; then came the girl who was chosen of fate. It was a clear forecast, and our old friend the coincidence is, for once, out of court. To foresee only the recovery of the watch might have been a simple projection of eager desire; but to see the finder as well was unquestionably an achievement vastly to the credit of Mrs. Hawkerford's brain.

Unhappily such inspiration is rare. Nobody offers you a patent drug or food warranted to make you dream the name of the Derby winner. But, unless the laws of nature are caprices, there must be a clue to this prophetic state of the dreaming consciousness. Perchance intense brooding over some particular insecurity on the Stock Exchange, aided by a lobster supper, not immoderate, might yield some useful information in the course of the night. The danger is that the experiment might be prolonged until you were as mad as Miss Flite, who used to tell the wards in Chancery that she expected a judgment—on the Day of Judgment. I understand that stockbrokers are perturbed by visits from nervous clients; and you would make them still more uneasy if you haunted Capel Court with your dream-quotations. But, as I have said, there must be a clue if only philosophy could find it out. Scientific oracles are quarrelling already over radium in letters to the *Times* which no common mortal can understand. They would be much better employed in telling me how to dream of what will happen to-morrow.

Mr. Carl Hentschel sends me his pamphlet on the "Discomforts of Playgoing." It should strike a chord in the bosom of every playgoer who has bitter memories of a bad seat; of knees jammed by the impact of perfect strangers who arrive late, resolved to reach their seats over his dead body; of the renewed encounter with alien limbs after each act because the perfect strangers perceive friends in distant parts of the house, and hasten to communicate to them impressions of the play; of seats apparently constructed for the next generation of playgoers, on the assumption that the national physique is in a decline. Mr. Hentschel reviews these abuses in the spirit of an ardent reformer. I have ceased to be a reformer. Philosophy, in the theatre, is your only wear. I am passably contented if the play is interesting; and even disposed to accept the interruptions of the perfect strangers as praiseworthy efforts to consolidate the human race. Mr. Hentschel, moved by a zeal for equality, asks why the pit and gallery should not book their seats instead of waiting uncomfortably at the doors. On this question he gives us the opinions of various experts, one of whom, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, makes the pertinent remark that, as the patrons of pit and gallery would want to buy their seats at the last moment, there would be a waiting crowd all the same.

There are signs that the old reckless charm of going to the play is dying out. Charles Lamb said he would rather jostle at a pit-door than follow a shepherd and his silly sheep over the hills. Nobody jostles now. The wild daring of the pit has evaporated, and we are as docile as the flocks whose society Elia disdained. You never see the rugged type of pittance immortalised by Ruskin. When he was a lad, Ruskin was taken by his father to see Macready in "King John." In the most moving passages the rugged pittance ate oranges. "You don't seem to feel any emotion, Sir," said the elder Ruskin. "Why should I?" was the startling response. "It ain't true; and if it were, it's nothin' to me!" Would that playgoer have booked his seat, think you? Would he have deputed a messenger-boy to keep his place at the pit-door on a first-night at eightpence an hour? I foresee a time, by the way, when a small army of messenger-boys, posted at that door on such an occasion, will meet your inquiring gaze with the cheerful chorus, "We're the bloomin' critics!" Yes, the critics, exiled from the stalls by the decrees of hostile managers, will seek the independent seclusion of the pit, and if your stall happens to be in the back row, you will turn round and catch the intrepid eye of—well, my prophetic soul names no names.

Some theatrical managers in America are said to have discarded the critics. These gentlemen are not invited to pass judgment on a play; and any unfavourable comment they may choose to make notwithstanding is, by American law, treated as libellous. There is some anxiety lest managers in London should be tempted to follow this example; but they may find that the law here is not so helpful as it is reported to be in America. Our law of libel cannot be said to err on the side of indulgence to newspapers. It sometimes construes that most ambiguous phrase, "fair comment," in a manner that makes the journalist feel as injured as a down-trodden Finn. But it does seem improbable that an English Judge would find a libel in an adverse criticism of a piece, even if the manager had given public notice that he did not want the critic's opinion, and had not sent him a seat. Mr. Walkley might meet a procession of sandwich-men, with every board bearing this warning: "Be it Known that the Dramatic Critic of the *Times*, at the first or any other performance in this Theatre, is an Intruder." His blood would run cold for a moment; but if he braced his nerves for the intrusion, I do not think he would have much ground for apprehension as to the upshot of a libel suit.

In some countries—Finland, for instance—it is the fixed idea of the ruling powers that unfavourable comment in the papers on their actions is dictated by a spirit of malice which must be suppressed at all hazards. Napoleon took that view, although I am glad to note that, in the picturesque person of Mr. Martin Harvey, and in the new play at the Royalty, he does not mention it at St. Helena. That amiable Exile in Soho buys a major's commission for the English captain who is his jailer; and I am sure he would buy a newspaper for any independent critic to write freely about the drama. There was a time when English Ministers locked up editors who were too outspoken without leave; but the leader-writer who pitches into the Government nowadays goes in no dread of dungeons. He is not invited to criticise the performances at Westminster; and yet no aggrieved manager, author, or actor there dreams of hauling him up for libel. Nor does a much-baited official address an editor in these terms: "Sir, as the writer who deals in your columns with the affairs of my Department is plainly animated by a persistent spirit of ill-will against me, I must ask you to appoint a more sympathetic critic; otherwise your supply of Blue-Books from this office will be discontinued." Such a missive would dissolve the newspaper world in laughter. No manager or actor, I am sure, is ambitious for that kind of success.

PARLIAMENT.

The Irish Land Bill was read a second time by a majority of 443 to 26. Mr. Healy described it as a solemn treaty which no Irish tenant would dream of disregarding. Were repudiation ever suggested, it would be denounced by the Irish people as an abomination. Mr. Morley said the principle of the Bill was that Parliament should give twelve millions to one body of Irishmen in order that they might be induced to grant the House of Commons the privilege of lending 120 millions to another body of Irishmen. Such a proposal was unparalleled; nevertheless, the Bill was necessary on grounds of social order. Mr. Wyndham intimated that the Nationalist amendments would receive his most serious consideration.

The Trades Disputes Bill, which proposed to exempt Trades Unions from certain civil liabilities, and to legalise the kind of picketing known as "peaceful persuasion," was resisted by the Home Secretary on the ground that it threatened individual liberty and public order. Moreover, it was intended by the Government to appoint a commission of inquiry into the whole question of trade disputes. Mr. Asquith supported the Bill, and Mr. Balfour argued against any legislation precedent to a general inquiry. The second reading was defeated by a majority of twenty, subsequently increased to thirty by a revision of the counting.

Lord Cranborne announced a communication from the Russian Government stating that the evacuation of Manchuria had been "temporarily delayed." There had been no reoccupation of Niuchwang by the Russian troops. Mr. Ritchie, in a discourse on the beer, spirits, and tobacco duties, explained that the consumption of beer last year fell off owing to the coldness of the summer, and the consumption of spirits owing to the mildness of the winter. The revenue from tobacco had declined since 1901, in spite of the additional duty. Mr. Henniker Heaton submitted a list of desirable reforms in the Post Office. Although the Department made £12,000 a year out of lost postal orders, it refused to cash orders more than three months old. A merchant who found two orders for the total value of seven shillings in his desk, where they had lain ten years, was told that he might have the money on payment of ten shillings and threepence in fines. Mr. Heaton pleaded once more for a universal penny postage; but Mr. Austen Chamberlain said it would entail too great a sacrifice of revenue. The penny post to the Colonies was a sentimental, not a remunerative, reform. As for postal orders, a time-limit had to be fixed to prevent them from being used as currency.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA.

The Subscription Season of the Royal Opera at Covent Garden began on May 4 with "Lohengrin." Madame Bolska, with a good musical reputation from St. Petersburg, made her début as Elsa. She was graceful and tender and sympathetic, but has not a very markedly individual method of acting or of singing. Perhaps this was due to her voice being rather slight for heavy operatic work. Herr Müller, who made his début as Telramund, comes from Wiesbaden. Herr Kraus was excellent as Lohengrin; Herr Lohse conducted. The orchestra was very good, but, unfortunately, the organ and other instruments were not in perfect accord, which made the choristers' position in the second act a very unenviable one.

On Friday the Italian Opera for the first time made its appearance with "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." A débutante in "Pagliacci" was Mdlle. Charlotte Wynn, who sang Nedda with a not very considerable volume of vocal power, but a charming piquancy and sense of acting. M. Salignac sang delightfully the rôle of Canio; Signor Pini Corsi was very gay and humorous as the clown. In the "Cavalleria Rusticana" a newcomer was Signor Dianni, who sang Turiddu, and had a very favourable reception. Frau Deppe also scored as Lola, and Mdlle. Strakosch was sympathetic as Santuzza. Signor Mancinelli was as able a conductor as he has ever been.

The Cycle of "The Ring" was chiefly noted for the reappearance of Fräulein Ternina as Brünnhilde. Fräulein Ternina surpassed herself both in her magnificent singing and in her clever dramatic powers, interpreting all the complexities of Brünnhilde, that in less skilful hands make for confusion. Herr van Rooy was superb as Wotan, and Dr. Richter's conducting opened to us new realms of Wagnerian appreciation. In point of mounting and general effect the second cycle proved that the Grand Opera Syndicate and its energetic secretary, Mr. Neil Forsyth, were justified of their resolve to have "The Ring" presented in its entirety on a scale which not even Bayreuth can surpass. In the four great music-dramas we have had a series of splendid stage pictures remarkable for their beautiful atmospheric effects. These and the daring grappling with unexampled mechanical difficulties reflect the highest credit on Mr. Francis Neilson, the stage manager, and his well-drilled assistants.

"THE EXILE," AT THE ROYALTY.

In bringing Napoleon again upon the stage the authors of "The Exile" have striven to eschew sensationalism and to make their hero sympathetic, and between these two aims they have come to grief. Self-denying Mr. Lloyd Osbourne and Mr. Austin Strong have selected as their theme the Emperor's "last phase," and for a moment their choice sounds well. What can be more poignant than the spectacle of the conqueror of kingdoms confined to a mere rock, than the contrast of his present and his past? But Napoleon did nothing, could do nothing, during his confinement, save bicker with his ungenerous jailor. Where, then, can be your drama, with the protagonist inactive? It is not supplied by the subordinate characters. Some talk we hear of a rescue of Napoleon, but the

plot falls still-born. Some fuss arises from an English officer's admiration of Napoleon, whereby he might lose both sweetheart and commission, did not Bonaparte, if you please, set all right. The threads of story failing, what remains?—merely to portray the little details of "one day in the life" of the captive. So we behold the Emperor conducting in full state a review of child-soldiers ("My last," he murmurs), or gazing sentimentally on a picture of his son. Sentimentally! There lies the mistake of Stevenson's two disciples. They went out to seek the true Napoleon; they preferred to see a stage sentimentalist. With their meek, sickly Bonaparte Mr. Martin Harvey can do little save assume statuesque poses and suggest desperate pathos. His chief associates at the Royalty Theatre, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Sleath, and Miss Daisy Thimm, are rather better suited in the occasionally pretty domestic tableaux which constitute our latest Napoleonic drama.

"MRS. GORRINGE'S NECKLACE," AT WYNDHAM'S.

As the first play of a new author, "Mrs. Goringe's Necklace," which is Sir Charles Wyndham's latest venture, reveals quite unusual promise. There is a smartness about the playwright's humour, there is a natural drollery about certain of his characters—notably a truculent hostess and her airy lady guest, there is a strength in the emotional dialogue, such as augur well for the future of Mr. Hubert Henry Davies. His piece's weak point is its plot, which is far-fetched and slight even for drawing-room melodrama. Mrs. Goringe, the inconsequent guest, loses a diamond necklace while staying at the Jardines; and it is soon clear that a ne'er-do-well Lieutenant, engaged to Mrs. Jardine's daughter, has stolen the necklace, for he brings it back penitently and hides it in a flower-jar. Suspicion, thanks to a borrowed handkerchief, falls on a middle-aged friend, who loves the lad's fiancée, urges the youngster to a new life, and would even allow himself to be deemed guilty did not the real offender end his troubles by suicide. Since Charles Wyndham plays this self-denying *raisonneur* with the perfect phrasing, the ease, and authority that are always at his command; since Miss Mary Moore has in Mrs. Goringe one of her happiest character-roles; since Miss Marie Illington impersonates inimitably the unpleasant Mrs. Jardine; since Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis is altogether sweet and affecting as the distressed heroine, and Mr. Leslie Faber exactly expresses the boy who cannot run straight; while Mr. Alfred Bishop and Miss Lettice Fairfax are also in the cast—Mr. Davies's earliest dramatic essay starts under the best of auspices.

"THE SCHOOL GIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

By those who desire no more than a light after-dinner entertainment in the theatre, who welcome a pleasant medley of song and dance, and fun and spectacle, "The School Girl" will be voted one of the most acceptable of Mr. Edwardes's many "musical comedy" successes. Experts will not quarrel with Messrs. Henry Hamilton and Paul Potter's plot because it scarcely explains why the demure but knowing heroine (Edna May, of course) played truant to help a girl friend, nor how she learnt to give wonderful tips on 'Change. They will be content in that the various scenes, especially the palatial ball-room gradually developed by Paris students, permit of gorgeous colour-effects in costume, and show off the loveliness of Miss Edna May and Miss Marie Studholme. They will be glad that "The School Girl" reintroduces Mr. Leslie Stuart at his sprightliest as a composer, and offers a part to that old favourite, Miss Violet Cameron. They will enjoy the vocalisation of Mr. Reginald Somerville and the wild revels of a new dancer. Above all, they will relish Mr. G. P. Huntley's fresh rôle—that, as it were, of a Lord Cheyne grown thirty years older—wherein this delightfully natural comedian's quaint sallies and quainter manner are altogether irresistible.

THE "CARMEN" BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.

With a Carmen available of the right nationality, it was a happy idea of the Alhambra management to turn the opera to which Merimée's heroine gives her name into a ballet, or really a strenuous play in pantomime. The more so as Guerrero, the artist in question, realises most vividly the Carmen of the author's imagining—a splendid, treacherous, ruthless, passionate animal. To support her a capable Don José has been secured in Monsieur Valbert, and the only error in casting is that which hands over the rôle of Escamillo to a woman. Very wisely, the author of the scenario, Mr. Charles Wilson, follows as closely as spectacular requirements permit the operatic arrangement of the story, and no less judiciously Mr. Byng preserves as much as possible of Bizet's score, interpolating just a few vivacious dances of his own composing. A series of scenes which admirably suggest the warm atmosphere of Spain, a wealth of costumes which blend in audacious but perfect harmony, and the full corps of the theatre help to recommend a production which is far superior to the average ballet.

As in previous years, so on the coming Whit Saturday, the 30th inst., the popular passenger-steamers, *Royal Sovereign* and *Koh-i-Noor*, belonging to the New Palace Steamers company, will commence their sailings from London Bridge (Old Swan Pier) to Southend, Margate, and Ramsgate at same times of sailing as last year—namely, *Koh-i-Noor* at 8.50 a.m. for Southend and Margate and back, and *Royal Sovereign* at 9.20 a.m. for Margate and Ramsgate and back. The fares will also be the same as before. The company announces that during the past winter months the steamers have been thoroughly overhauled and all the Board of Trade requirements have been complied with and improvements made, so that the public may rest assured that everything possible has been arranged for their comfort.

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ORTONA will make a second similar Cruise to NORWAY, leaving Liverpool Saturday, June 13, and a further Cruise to the North Cape, leaving Liverpool on Thursday, July 2. Fares, &c., for which will be given later.

PANAMA (Twin Screw), 6000 tons; 7000 H.P.

Leaving Wednesday, May 27, for Lisbon, Tangier, Palma, Algiers, Gibraltar, Oporto, Vigo, thence back to Liverpool, arriving about June 11. Fares from £20 to £25, according to position of berth.

For passages, descriptive pamphlets, &c., apply to Thos. Cook & Sons' Offices, or to the Company's Agents in London, Anderson, Anderson & Co., 16, Cockspur Street, S.W., and 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.; or in Manchester to the PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION CO., St. Margaret's Chambers, Piccadilly; or at the Head Offices of the Company, 34, James Street, Liverpool.

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THE KING'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND: TRIBUTE FROM THE ROYAL BODYGUARD OF BOWMEN.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS, PRESENTING THE REDDENDO TO THE KING.

In terms of a charter of Queen Anne, the Royal Company of Archers, when in attendance on the Sovereign in Scotland, must present to the monarch their customary "reddendo," a set of three silver arrows, technically known as "a pair." This ancient ceremony was duly carried out at Holyrood on May 12.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING IN SCOTLAND.

Not since George IV. paid his memorable visit to Edinburgh had a British King set foot in the Scottish capital until, on May 11, the King arrived at Waverley Station to pay his eagerly expected visit to his loyal subjects north of the Tweed. For several days Edinburgh had been on the tiptoe of expectancy. Troops poured into the city, and the streets became gay with decorations. Many of the mottoes of welcome were written in French, thus recalling the old friendship between France and Scotland in the times when the Gallic language could be heard daily in the streets of Edinburgh, the precincts of Holyrood, and farther out along the Dalkeith road in Little France, where were settled the followers of Mary of Guise. Among the preliminary ceremonies, that which possessed the most striking historical significance was perhaps the renewal of their oath of allegiance by the Royal Scottish Archers. That picturesque corps, with their dark-green uniforms, their broad bonnets with the eagle plumes, their bows, short swords, and three arrows in their baldricks, marched down the High Street and the Canongate to the green of Holyrood, where Lord Balfour administered to them the oath. The Duke of Buccleuch is Captain-General of this aristocratic company, which always forms the monarch's personal body-guard during his visits to Edinburgh. The King left London from King's Cross Station on the 11th, and with a brief halt at Newcastle, where the Mayor presented an address, reached Edinburgh shortly after six o'clock in the evening. As the train drew up at the station, the guns at the Castle fired a salute of welcome. Lord Balfour of Burleigh was the first to greet

ECHOES OF THE KING'S PARIS VISIT.

Instructive echoes of the King's visit to Paris are to be found in the interviews which the *Figaro's* representative has had with M. Deicassé and Sir Edmund Monson. King Edward's visit, said the French Foreign Minister, has been what it ought to be, and he had pleasure in observing that public opinion on both sides of the Channel congratulated itself wholeheartedly upon its



LADY HUGGINS,
NEW HONORARY FELLOW OF THE ROYAL
ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.



MISS AGNES CLERKE,
NEW HONORARY FELLOW OF THE ROYAL
ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

SOMALILAND.

It is understood that the military authorities have come to no decision regarding the pursuit of the Mullah. General Manning, it is believed, is waiting to see what course the Abyssinians will take. Italy is said to be embarrassed by the temporary cessation of hostilities, for it will now be necessary for her to fortify Mudug if she does not wish that post to fall a prey to the Mullah. Against this view, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs has said that there is no need for anxiety. We regret to record the death, at Aden, of Mr. W. T. Maud, the distinguished war-artist of the *Graphic*.

By its election of Lady Huggins and Miss Agnes Clerke as nonorary Fellows, the council of the Royal Astronomical Society has reverted to a custom which has for many years been in disuse. In the lists of fifty or sixty years ago the names of three lady Fellows appear—Mrs. Somerville, Miss Caroline Herschel, and Miss Anne Sheepshanks—but since that time the society has been composed entirely of members of the sterner sex. Miss Agnes Clerke is the author of the widely known treatise on "Problems in Astrophysics," and numerous other scientific works; while Lady Huggins collaborates with her husband, the President of the Royal Society, in his spectroscopic researches.

PORTUGUESE RAILWAY CONCESSION.

At the inauguration of the Benguela Railway, the important concession obtained by Mr. Robert Williams, the Governor-General of Angola drove the first spike and fixed a rail, and, as is customary, the Prior of Benguela,



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ARRIVING AT CHESTER RACES IN HIS GRACE'S MOTOR-CAR.

the King, whereupon he introduced the Lord Provost, with whom their Majesties shook hands. In close attendance on the Chief Magistrate was the Town Clerk, who bore the keys of the city on a crimson cushion. The Lord Provost, presenting the keys, welcomed his Majesty to his ancient kingdom of Scotland, and the King, in reply, returned the symbols and remarked that they could not be in better hands than in those of the Lord Provost and magistrates of his good City of Edinburgh. Several presentations were made, and their Majesties then entered their carriage and, accompanied by their suite and escorted by a detachment of the Life Guards, began their drive to Dalkeith Palace. Edinburgh never looks more romantic or splendid than at sunset, and in such guise Nature had dressed her when the Sovereign and his consort made what was veritably a triumphal entry. All along the crowded streets deafening cheers were raised for their Majesties, who graciously responded.

On May 12 their Majesties held a Levée and a Court at Holyrood, at which were revived the ancient splendours of Stuart times. The long picture-gallery where Prince Charlie held his reception was crowded with the Scottish nobility and gentry, many of whom wore the national costume. It seemed, as a picturesque writer has remarked, like a chapter from "Waverley." Among the honours conferred were a baronetcy for Lord Provost Steel; and knight-hoods for Mr. Guthrie, President of the Royal Scottish Academy; for Mr. Robert Cranston, City Treasurer; and for Mr. Menzies, Agent of the Scottish Church.

success. The Russian alliance, he continued, was the inevitable basis and pivot of all French action abroad, but outside that sufficing agreement the Republic was only all the more disposed to favour every *rap-prochement* of interest and sentiment outlined in Europe. King Edward's journey had contributed to the creation of this atmosphere. Sir Edmund Monson admitted that he had long desired the King's visit, and had joyfully received orders to prepare for it.

Economic and moral bonds necessitated the friendship of the two nations, and the King's friendly act in coming to Paris was appreciated with a unanimity at which all will rejoice.

THE PRINCE IN THE NORTH.

The extensive programme which had been drawn up for the Prince of Wales's visit to the Duke of Westminster had to be considerably modified owing to the unfortunate ill-

ness of the Duchess, but the Prince and Princess nevertheless fulfilled many engagements during their stay at Eaton Hall from May 6 to 9. On May 7 the Prince attended Chester races, where the Great Cheshire Stakes were run. The Duke drove his Royal Highness to the course in his own motor-car. The enjoyment of the proceedings was considerably spoilt by heavy rain. On May 8 their Royal Highnesses visited Wrexham, and Hull on May 12.



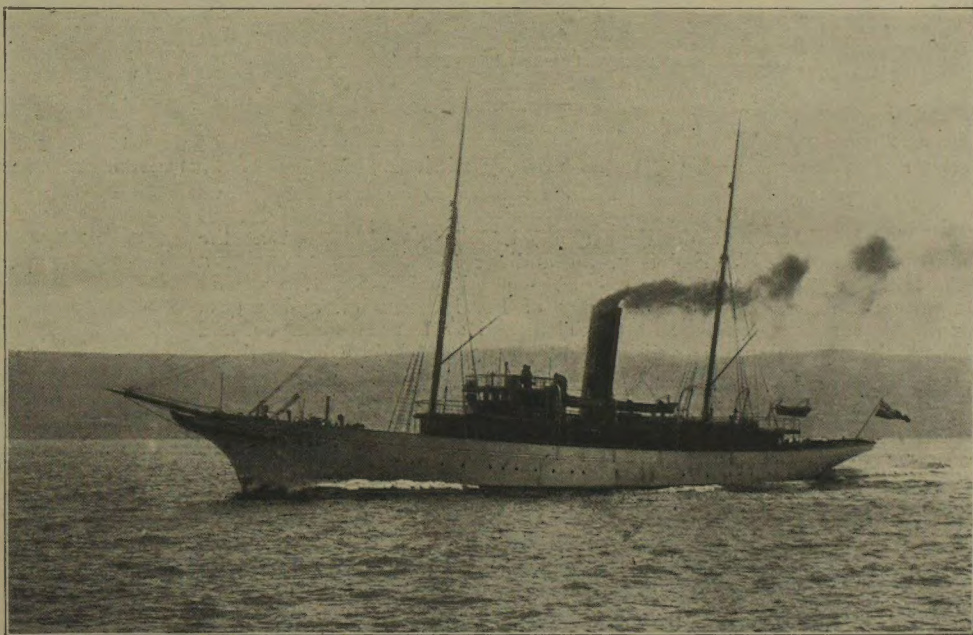
THE PORTUGUESE RAILWAY CONCESSION: THE PRIOR OF BENGUELLA AT THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY.

who is a prominent figure in our photograph, blessed the undertaking. A banquet was afterwards given by Mr. Robert Williams' manager, Mr. Learmonth.

MANCHURIA.

The excitement which was aroused in Great Britain, the United States, and Japan by the announcement on May 8 that Russia had re-occupied Niuchwang, and had thus violated her

undertakings in respect to the evacuation of Manchuria, was allayed on May 11, when Lord Cranborne announced in the House of Commons that the Russian Government had intimated that they had adhered to their engagement, although evacuation had been temporarily delayed. The Russian Government further explained that they had no intention of obstructing the use of the port by foreign Consuls. Such being the case, Lord Cranborne remarked that concerted action on the part of the United States, Japan, and Great Britain would not be necessary. It is well to remember that Russian evacuation of posts in Manchuria has hitherto meant sitting down again a mile or so away from the position in question. This is almost the first time that the United States have realised the true inwardness of Russian diplomatic methods, and the result in the public mind is somewhat akin to that observed in a straightforward child who has for the first time detected a respected elder in a lie. We are therefore not at all surprised to hear that Transatlantic confidence is shaken and that certain worthy



THE FIRST TURBINE STEAMER TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC: THE YACHT "EMERALD."

The yacht, which has just arrived at New York from Glasgow, was built for Sir C. Furness, M.P., and was chartered by Mr. G. Jay Gould. She is fitted with three Parsons turbines, and is driven by five screws.

Americans have begun to suspect even Great Britain's attitude in the affair.

AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN UNDERSTANDING.

The new phase of Russian diplomacy in the Far East has produced a curious impression on the public mind in this country. There was a time when it would have caused an explosion of anger such as we see in the American Press. But there is among us so little of what used to be called Russophobia that the glaring discrepancy between the acts and words of the Russian Government prompts no stronger expression of opinion than the warning that an Anglo-Russian "understanding" is an extremely difficult thing to bring about. Perhaps the shrewdest comment on it is that Russia has really nothing to gain from such an "understanding" that she could not gain without it. It is easy to say, as one of our contemporaries remarks, that we must consider her acts and ignore her words. But diplomatic "understandings" have to be put into words. There is, for instance, the "open door" in China, with regard to which Russia has now adopted a formula of the most elastic kind. She adheres to the "open door" policy, "as it is understood by the Imperial Government." In short, Russia claims the right to understand any "understanding" as she thinks fit. How any compact can be made on that basis, with British interests at stake, it is impossible to say.

THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

Revolution by dynamite, the ancient method of the Fenians and the Clan-na-Gael, has found favour in Eastern Europe. Following on the outrage at Salonika comes the news of an even more dastardly occurrence at Kuprili, where a mosque in which two hundred Moslems were assembled has been blown up. The perpetrator of the crime was named Popoff, who shot himself as soon as he saw that his bomb had succeeded. On his body was found a paper, which described him as one of the "Macedonian Knights of Death." The disturbances in the Monastir district continue, and attempts have also been made there to blow up Moslem places of worship. The natural consequence is, of course, that violent reprisals have been taken by the followers of the Prophet upon the Christian population of Monastir.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Mr. George Ruthven Le Hunte has duly received the King's approval of his appointment to the Governorship of South Australia, and thus renders vacant the Lieutenant-Governorship of British New Guinea. Mr. Le Hunte has served in a number of capacities in the Colonies during his diplomatic career of eight-and-twenty years, and his selection is well warranted by the conspicuous success with which he filled his last position. After acting for a time as secretary to the Governor of Fiji, he became Resident Commissioner of Colo Viti Leon, served at various times in the Western Pacific Islands and Dominica, was for three years Colonial Secretary at Barbadoes, and for a year Colonial Secretary of Mauritius. He became Lieutenant-Governor of British New Guinea in 1898. Mr. Le Hunte, who was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, took his M.A. degree in 1880, and in the following year was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple. He is a C.M.G.

THE CONFLICT IN FRANCE.

An unfortunate moment has been chosen for the publication of a pamphlet entitled "The New Reign of Terror in France," the object of which is to persuade "Christian England" that the French Government is bent upon the extirpation of the Christian religion in France. The pamphlet is dedicated to M. François Coppée, who made himself conspicuous in the abortive attempt to excite the Parisians to insult King Edward. The pamphleteer assures us that the Jews, Protestants, and Freethinkers, now dominant in the Republic, desire to ruin their country, and made this ambition plain by their intrigues on behalf of the "twice condemned Hebrew," Dreyfus. French Protestants, we learn, are bitter Calvinists, and cannot be considered as Christians at all. Your model Christian is a man like Drumont. Further, it is asserted that the religious orders are persecuted solely on account of their religion, and that they were all "loyal" to the Republic before M. Waldeck Rousseau conceived his iniquitous Law of Associations. Probably the policy of the Government is not free from injustice and needless severity. But to describe the religious orders and their champions as shorn lambs, filled with the Christian spirit, is a little too audacious even in a pamphlet which is called "an unbiassed statement."

THE NATIONAL CREDIT.

The reception of the Transvaal loan gave indisputable evidence of the faith that cautious individual "the man in the street" has in his country's credit, and, incidentally, in his own ability to obey the admonition conveyed in Rudyard Kipling's most widely known war-poem. The scenes in the City on the day of issue are best described as remarkable, more especially as the interest offered for the thirty millions required was but three per cent. Even before the Old Lady had started her day's work a large crowd gathered, and only the news that copies of the prospectus would not be distributed until two o'clock caused its dispersal. When the time for the issue to begin did arrive, the queue system broke down, and there was an ugly rush of prospectus-seekers. Street vendors who somehow or another secured copies found a speedy sale for them.



THE OPENING OF THE MANCHESTER AND SALFORD MISSION BAZAAR IN ST. JAMES'S HALL.

A wonderfully successful bazaar in aid of the Manchester and Salford Mission was opened on May 5 in St. James's Hall, Manchester. Over £10,000 was realised during the first three days.

The official broker has announced that the total sum subscribed was £1,174,000,000, the number of applicants being 115,400. The Khaki loan, issued in 1900, was, it will be remembered, covered about seven times over.

LONDON AND BRUSSELS.

Almost while Paris was honouring the King of Great Britain, Brussels, not to be outdone by the fair Lutetia, was honouring another British King—the temporary King of the City of London; and does not even King Edward ask the Lord Mayor's permission before passing Temple Bar? From the time of the Lord Mayor's reception by M. de Mot, chief magistrate of Brussels, until his departure, function followed function with commendable, if fatiguing, regularity—beginning with a private dinner given by Baron

the simple announcement that there was no answer, and accordingly, at midnight on May 8, the railway-engine drivers and firemen went out on strike. The utmost delay, loss, and inconvenience have been thereby caused, the Melbourne suburban service has been disorganised, and the mails have had to be served by coach and coasting steamers. The price of food has risen, and the provisioning of the Colonial capital has become an acute problem. The colonists are, indeed, suffering the discomforts and inconveniences of war.

A LESSON TO JURYMEN.

The Court of Appeal has quashed the absurd verdict of a jury in the case of *McQuire v. the Western Morning News*. An unfavourable notice of the plaintiff's musical farce had appeared in that journal. He objected to the criticism, partly on the ground that a friendly notice was published in the same quarter about a year previously. The notices were written, of course, by different hands; but the jury held that a newspaper had no right to change its mind, and Mr. McQuire was awarded a hundred pounds damages. Moreover, one of the jury wrote to the *Times* that extracts from the play, read in court, had amused him very much, and that a play which amused him ought to be good enough for a dramatic critic. The Master of the Rolls has dissented from these views. He listened to the famous extracts, and he thought that a critic might honestly dislike them even at the risk of differing from a jurymen. It is a matter of taste; but the idea that juries may give damages for libel against newspapers which do not agree with them in matters of taste needs to be severely discouraged.

THE OTTAWA FIRE.

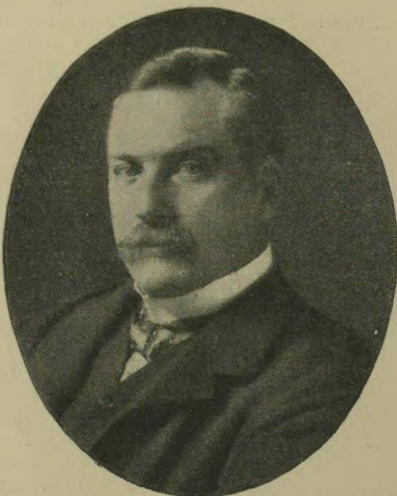
The great fire which three years ago destroyed the city of Hull, and, spreading across the river, devastated a large section of the western district of the capital, is recalled by the dangerous outbreak in Ottawa on May 10. Fortunately, however, its successor was of slighter proportions—the actual money loss will probably not exceed a million dollars, and half of this is covered by insurance. Some two thousand people, however, were rendered homeless. These the Municipality are aiding by the provision of relief stations, assisted by private subscriptions. The fire, which began in a lumber-pile on the outskirts of the city, is believed to have been the work of an incendiary, and an arrest has been made. It taxed the full strength of the fire-brigade for two days, and necessitated the calling out of the Militia for the prevention of looting.

A NEW CUNARDER.

The ever-increasing facilities offered by the great companies to travellers by land and sea apply so frequently only to those who are willing to pay heavily for the accommodation afforded that it is pleasant to record an effort made for the benefit of their humbler brethren. The famous Cunard Line, by the building of the R.M.S. *Carpathia*, which left England for Boston on the 5th of this month, has embarked upon an undertaking that should be beneficial at once to their patrons and to themselves. The new vessel is devoted entirely to the second and third class passenger, and the accommodation provided for both is exceptionally good—probably unequalled. A great point is made also of her steadiness at sea. The greatest care has been taken to prevent undue rolling, a concession to human weakness that will be readily appreciated.

THE "UMBRIA" INFERNAL MACHINE.

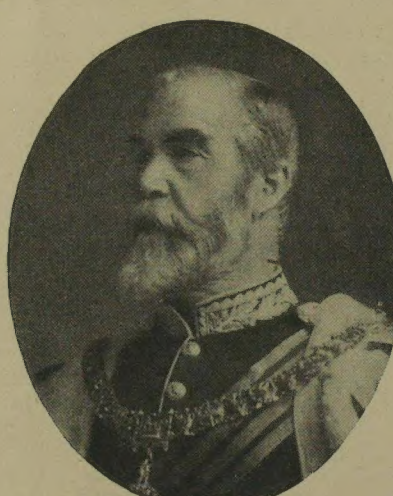
Whether it eventually turns out to be dangerous plot or stupid hoax, the infernal machine destined for the *Umbria* was far from innocuous. Even although the machinery itself was harmless, the hundred pounds of dynamite contained in the box might easily have been fired by accident. The hoax theory is certainly the one most easily credited. The Mafia, feeling strong enough to declare war against England and to order the destruction of every steamer flying the British flag that sails out of New York harbour, is not likely to be weak enough to expose its hand before striking its first blow. It would appear that the box was brought to the Cunard dock by two Italians, who drove a green wagon drawn by a bay horse. No detonating caps were fixed to the fuses. The dynamite was sufficient to displace forty-five tons of solid rock.



MR. G. RUTHVEN LE HUNTE, C.M.G., NEW GOVERNOR OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.



LORD PROVOST PRIMROSE, WHO RECEIVED THE KING AT GLASGOW.



LORD PROVOST SIR JAMES STEEL, BART., WHO RECEIVED THE KING AT EDINBURGH.

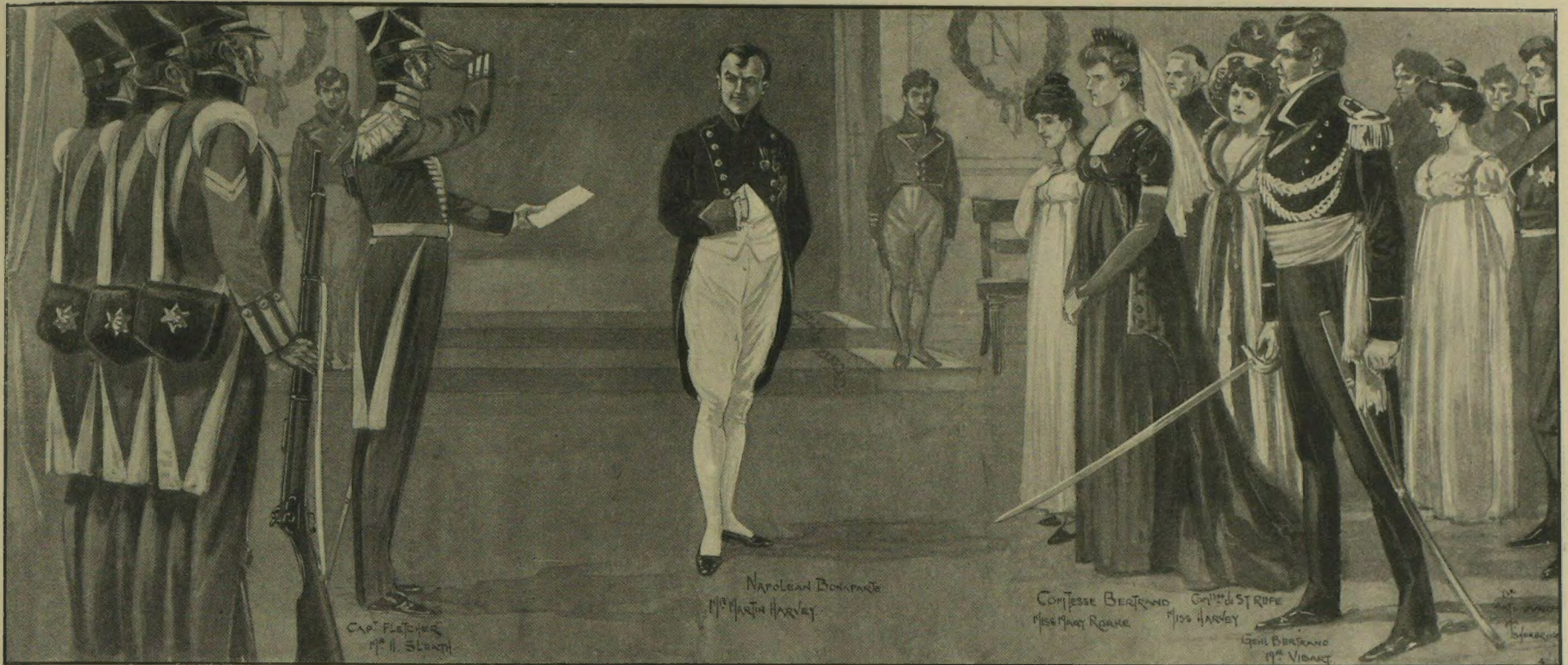
Lambert de Rothschild, including a luncheon at the British Embassy, an audience with King Leopold, a dinner at the Palace, a municipal banquet, a dinner given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and a gala performance at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, and culminating with a ball at the Hôtel de Ville. All this in four days. Such is the penalty of greatness.

THE AUSTRALIAN RAILWAY STRIKE.

The Labour Party in this country has still some distance to travel before it can become the embarrassing political force into which it has developed in Australia. For a considerable time, organised labour at the Antipodes has made the systematic increase of wages and reduction of work a main factor in politics, and its leaders have now felt themselves strong enough to present an ultimatum to the Government of Victoria, which had ordered the State railway employees to dissociate themselves from the trades union. Mr. Irvine, the young and energetic Prime Minister, answered the ultimatum with

THE WEEK'S DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



"THE EXILE" AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE: SCENE FROM ACT. I.



CHARACTERS FROM "THE SCHOOL-GIRL" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.



CHARACTERS AND A SCENE FROM THE THIRD ACT OF "MRS. GORRINGER'S NECKLACE," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

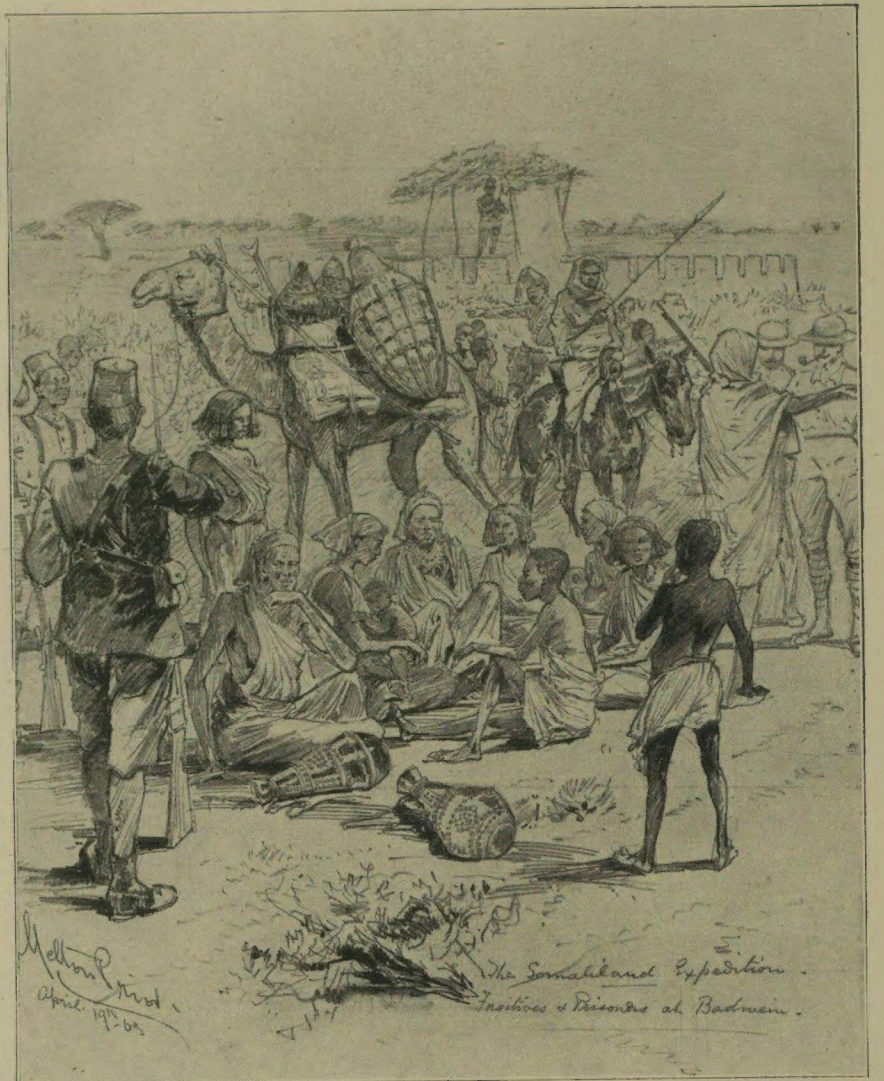
THE SUSPENDED OPERATIONS IN SOMALILAND: SCENES AT DAMOT AND BADWEIN

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



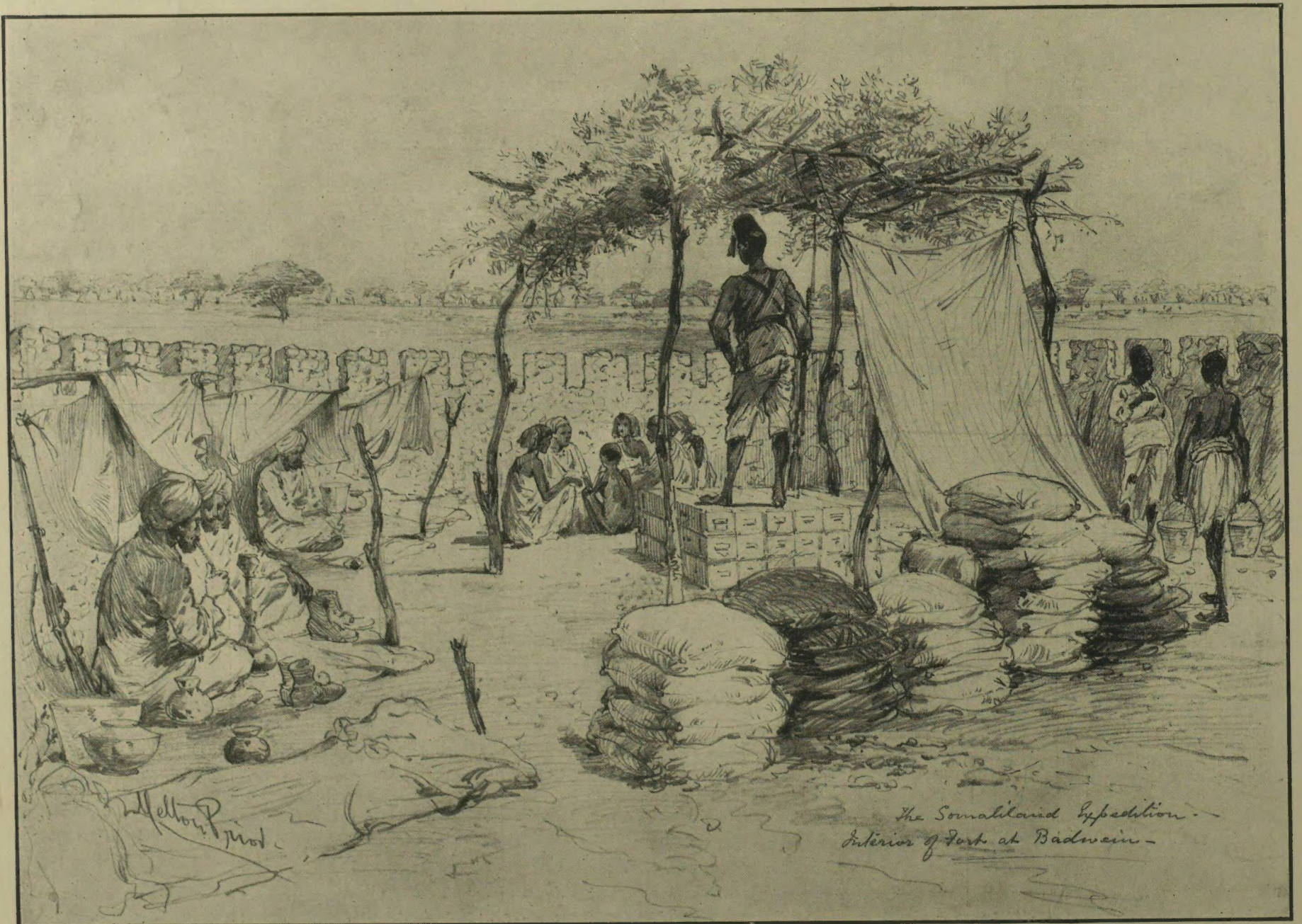
THE ARRIVAL OF THE POST AT DAMOT.

The post was brought into Damot by friendly Somalis, who were paid handsomely, their remuneration increasing proportionately with their speed.



FUGITIVES AND PRISONERS AT BADWEIN.

Such prisoners as fell into our hands were principally old men, women, and children, the Mullah having forced all the able-bodied men to join him on pain of death.



THE INTERIOR OF THE FORT AT BADWEIN.

Badwein is the small post from whence the columns, small or large, started to cross the Haud, a distance of one hundred and twenty-one miles, seventy-five of which are waterless. The water at this post is very bad, and the air all round smells of sulphur. There is a small stone fort, and, in the event of an attack, all the troops would occupy it, and give the enemy a bad time.

HER UNDOUBTED RIGHT.

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.



Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

"WASN'T it perfectly horrid of him?" she said. "It was low," I said. "It was, inexcusable. It was acting like a cad!"

"Oh, Mr. Houseman," she said, "you don't know what a comfort it is to speak to you about it. You can understand: you are—a gentleman. It's the sort of thing I couldn't tell my brother, you know—or any of them."

"They'd be sure to make a row or something," I said; "want to punch his head or do him up generally."

"That's just it!" she exclaimed. "They take everything so hard. They'd overdo it, and only get me talked about!"

"Which would only be punishing yourself," I remarked.

"A girl is so helpless," she said.

"I don't see why you ever gave it to him," I said.

"Of course I was silly," she returned. "It was all my fault for trusting him, for thinking him—well, a man like you, Mr. Houseman. It happened when we

were all off on a riding party together, at a place where we camped and picnicked, you know."

"You probably thought him nicer than he was," I said.

"I really did like him pretty well," she said. "He had such nice eyes, and he rode beautifully, and he was so mindful of all those little things that count so much with a girl—little attentions, you know, and all that. I could feel he wasn't quite the right thing—that he was a bit forward—the sort of man that kisses girls in tunnels, you know—"

"Well, go on," I said, as Miss Martin hesitated and gazed at the golfers dotted here and there on the distant green.

"Have you ever met anyone," she began at last, "a stranger, you know, who seemed to sweep you off your feet, Mr. Houseman—who seemed in himself a sort of answer to all one's longings and heartaches? I can't express it, you know. I daresay it's all very

childish and stupid—but did you ever feel that way toward a person?"

"Now that you mention it," I said, "I felt just such a sensation—a sort of shiver, isn't it?—when I was introduced to you this morning."

She gave me a heavenly smile.

"Now, I am sorry I ever spoke to you about Mr. Skirving."

"Oh, don't say that!" I exclaimed.

"A compliment at the wrong time is like a slap in the face," she observed. "I was just going to tell you something awfully intimate and indiscreet—a little peep, you know, into a very little-known place, a girl's heart of hearts! I fancied you were different from the rest of them. It's so disappointing!"

"To find I'm not?" I said.

"The most dangerous kind of man," she went on, "is the one that looks interested and lets us do the talking."

"Like Mr. Skirving?" I ventured.



"A girl is so helpless," she said.

"Not at all like Mr. Skirving," she said. "In the five hours I was with him he did everything in the world that I detest. He bragged about himself, about the women who were in love with him, about the heaps of money he had made, about his friends, his horses—even his dog was a better dog than anyone else's dog. He looked round the entire horizon and saw nothing but—himself!"

"And *you*, I suppose," I said.

"I saw nothing but Skirving, either!" she exclaimed with a little laugh. "The man's egoism fairly fascinated me. I knew he was a bounder; I resented every word he said to me, and yet—"

"I'm going to be dangerous and say nothing," I remarked as she looked at me.

"Oh, how I hate him!" she broke out. "And how I hate myself!"

"How can you hate anything so pretty and so charming?"

"I don't know whether you mean him or me," she said.

"I certainly didn't mean *him*," I returned.

"I never even gave him the little photograph," she said. "I happened to show it to him, that was all. Before I knew what he was doing he had stuck it in his watch."

"You ought to have made him give it back," I said. "I think it was an awful impertinence."

"I thought so too," she said; "and I even told him so. But then he wanted to hold my hand, and that sort of changed the conversation."

"I hope you didn't let him do *that*," I said.

"I should think not!" she returned.

"You ought to have spoken to some of the men of the party," I said.

"I might have done that," she returned. "It's a pity now I didn't. I thought of it at the time; but the awful thing was, Mr. Houseman—I hardly dare confess it to myself—but I was *pleased*."

"You've surely changed your mind since!" I ejaculated.

"I'd give my diamond bracelet to have it back," she said solemnly; "and if you knew what that diamond bracelet meant to me—but nobody—no *man*—could realise it."

"How long ago did it happen?" I inquired.

"Tuesday week," she said. "Ten days ago!"

"And you've never seen him since?" I went on.

"That was one of the things that surprised me so much," she said. "When you have been paid a tremendous lot of attention, and you've had to refuse, all in the same afternoon, a polo-pony and a prize bull-pup, and a spirit-flask with the Skirving crest, and a gold cigarette-case with the Skirving crest, and a gold match-box with the Skirving crest, and a plated sandwich-box with the Skirving crest—well, you naturally expect to see something next day—"

"Of Skirving," I said, filling up the pause.

"Of course I didn't care," she went on. "I was really almost thankful. The man had a dreadful fascination for me. . . . But as I said, I was surprised."

"How did you hear he had been showing your picture in those places?" I asked.

"Charley Hopper told me," she replied.

"Charley Hopper," I repeated. "Do you mean the chap with the long hair and the crushed collar, who pretends to drink absinthe at the Country Club?"

"Yes," she said.

"He always reminds me of one of those things that scurry out of sight when you turn over a log," I said.

"It's being decadent, you know," she said; "at least, *trying* to be decadent. He can't live down the fact that he supports his widowed mother and is paying to get his brother through college—it's awfully hard on Charley! Well, it was he who came and told me first. 'Do you know, Lynn,' he said, 'there's a fellow downtown who's been showing your picture in his watch among pretty queer company in a pretty queer place? I don't know if *you* like that kind of thing, but I don't!' Of course, I asked Charley what the man was like, and he described Skirving to a T: a tall, handsome man, with a well-cut mouth and a devil-may-care air, and wonderful eyes that seem to see right through you."

"Did your decadent friend stop at that?" I asked.

"He said he thought he ought to mention it to me," she returned.

"Mention it!" I repeated. "He ought to have taken the fellow by the collar and bumped him heartily against the wall!"

"I wish he had," said Miss Martin vindictively. "Oh, how I wish he had!"

"Miss Martin," I said, "let us understand each other. I don't wish to take advantage of a very short acquaintance, nor appear intrusive or meddling myself. But if you want your photograph back I'll get it back!"

"Do you know him?" she exclaimed.

"No," I said; "but he'll jolly soon know *me*."

She clasped her hands and looked across at me with a radiant face. Her blue eyes sparkled and her breast rose and fell. Her cheeks were pink with excitement.

"Oh, you men!" she cried out. "How I envy you—envy your freedom, your courage, your directness!"

"Your friend shall have a taste of all three," I said.

"Don't call him my friend," she protested.

"I hope, at least, I may call myself that," I said.

She looked at me a shade doubtfully. "There's only one thing I'm afraid of," she said.

"Might I inquire what it is?" I asked.

"If you succeed, you know," she said; "if you really force him to give it back—you'll be generous with me, won't you, Mr. Houseman? I mean, I shall be so grateful I don't know that I could refuse you anything."

"Oh, I don't want the diamond bracelet!" I exclaimed.

"Nor anything else?" she said.

"Oh, Miss Martin," I said, "you mustn't expect to get something for nothing."

"Oh, you want to be paid!" she cried. "I thought Bayards did these things for the love of it."

"It's more often for the love of somebody else," I said.

"It's the old-fashioned road to a woman's heart," she said, "to fight her battles for her."

"Why old-fashioned?" I asked. "I was hoping it might still answer to-day."

"Perhaps it will," she said, smiling.

"I'll tell you what I want," I said.

"Wouldn't it be wiser to leave that till afterward?" she returned. "Suppose he threw you out of the window or danced all over your prostrate form!"

"But you'd be just as grateful even if he did?" I said.

"Oh, I want my picture back," she said. "Of course, I'd be sorry, you know. I'd be tremendously sorry. I hate to see my friends banged about. Why, when Willie Van Wyck blew himself off his automobile—he pulled the wrong thing or something—I sat in the road and cried over him like a baby!"

"I don't want to be cried over," I said.

"You haven't told me yet what you *do* want," she exclaimed.

"I dare say it's pretty presumptuous," I said, "but I want you to like me!"

"I do that already, Mr. Houseman," she returned with sweet seriousness. "Truly I do."

"I want you to like me lots and lots more than that," I said.

"I'll go on till you tell me to stop," she said.

"Suppose I never tell you to stop?" I inquired.

"That's a detail to be settled afterward," she replied, lowering her eyes. "The thing now is to get back my photograph."

"Have you any idea where I can find him?" I asked.

"I haven't the faintest notion," she returned. "But I suppose he'll be at the Country Club. I haven't been there myself since for fear I might meet him."

"I wonder you didn't go and have it out with him yourself," I said.

She looked at me steadily.

"The man's a cad," she said. "I never want to see him again. He has mortified me inexpressibly. It makes me burn to think how I played into his hands—how stupid I was to like him—and to show I liked him."

"It'll be a privilege to tell him what I think of him."

"Oh, Mr. Houseman," she cried, "please don't do anything of the kind. All I want is to get my picture back, and that in the quietest way possible."

"I'll do it," I said.

"When?" she asked.

"I think now will be a very convenient time," I returned. "If you are going to do something disagreeable waiting only prolongs the agony."

We both rose and stood looking at each other. She slowly detached a flower from her dress and held it toward me.

"Are you superstitious?" she asked.

"No, I don't think so," I returned.

"I am going to pin this in your buttonhole as your *gage d'amour*," she said, "to give you courage in the tourney and remind you of the maid whose wrongs you will avenge."

"It will be my talisman," I said, bending for her to pin the rose in my coat. Woman-like, she took several moments to do this to her satisfaction; and when at last she had added the final touch she suddenly pressed her lips to the petals.

"Now go!" she said, and as she raised her eyes to mine I saw they were filled with tears.

"Mr. Skirving, Sir? Yessir! Over there in the window-seat, Sir; yessir. Him that's leaning over and talking confidential-like to the small dark gent in 'unting costume."

The big room of the Country Club was all but empty. Except for a disdainful old lady reading a newspaper between sips of tea, and a pale young man sunk in an armchair before the fire, the place was as lifeless as an Egyptian tomb. Nothing broke the silence but a faint buzz of talk from the window-seat, where, half hidden in the haze of cigar smoke, I could make out my man sitting with two companions. He was a handsome, somewhat dissipated-looking fellow, with an undeniably well-bred air and a pleasant, friendly manner. I noticed, with a rather disturbing sense of something melting inside me, that he looked as though he might be a clean hitter. Of the trio, I should have much preferred that fate had pitted me against the

little dark man in breeches or the flabby creature with the eyeglass and gardenia who guarded the enemy's other flank. However, I was in for it now; and so, looking at my rose, and sustaining myself with the thought of that vivid girlish face, I walked boldly over to the window and confronted Skirving.

"I beg your pardon," I said, as all three looked up at me in some astonishment, "I am looking for Mr. Skirving."

I must have betrayed myself by my tone, for their first glances of embarrassed cordiality turned by fine gradations into a stony stare. Skirving deliberately laid down his glass, took the cigar from his mouth, and gazed at me coldly from tip to toe.

"I am Mr. Skirving," he said.

"Might I have a word with you in private?" I asked.

He gave me another long look.

"These gentlemen are my friends," he said. "You are quite at liberty to speak before them."

"It's on a very delicate matter," I said.

"The deuce it is!" said Skirving with great insolence.

"A lady," I began, "whose name neither you nor I need mention, has charged me with a little commission. I daresay you are ignorant how deeply you have hurt her feelings."

Skirving rammed his hands into his pockets and eyed me fiercely.

"What lady?" he asked.

"I'd rather not mention names," I said.

"Have you the same delicacy about mentioning the commission?" he inquired ironically.

"No," I said.

"I don't like you," said Skirving, "and I don't like the tone you are taking to me, and I'd advise you for your own sake to come pretty soon to the point."

"Does that convey nothing to your mind?" I asked, pointing to his watch-chain.

"Do you think I stole it?" said Skirving.

"I mean the watch," I said.

"Well, it's mine, too," said Skirving.

"Not altogether," I observed blandly. "It happens to contain a lady's picture—a photograph—and the lady has requested me to get it back at the earliest possible moment."

Skirving looked up at me perfectly stupefied. Then the blood began slowly to colour his face—a deep beet-red, that reached to the ears. His two friends broke into a loud titter, and the little dark man clapped him on the back.

"The lady wants it back, Skirving, old fellow," he cried. "Pony up, old man."

"I guess it was the little thing in blue he was telling us about," giggled the man with the eyeglass; "the girl that was so dead gone on him!"

The two friends broke into a roar of laughter at their own wit; while Skirving himself, furious and ashamed, the veins swelling out like whipcord on his crimsoning forehead, rose with a threatening movement to his feet.

"Please be calm," I said. "You must not make a scene here."

"Sit down!" cried his friends; and between them they forced him back into his chair.

"You will kindly give me the lady's picture," I said.

"And suppose I won't!" he ejaculated, looking me very grimly in the face.

"I will suppose nothing of the sort," I said.

"*You* won't suppose!" he cried out. "*You!* Who the deuce are *you*?" Only he didn't say "deuce," but something a good deal stronger.

"I don't count in this matter at all," I said. "You will please regard me as simply the lady's messenger."

"I will tell you what I please to regard *you* as," he exclaimed, and did so with a wealth of epithet I've rarely heard excelled. "That's what *you* are," he said.

"When you have quite finished," I remarked, "I shall be glad to have that picture."

"You shan't have it!" he cried.

"Oh, pardon me," I said; "but I happen to be here to get it."

"You can't very well compel me!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, I can," I said.

"How?" he demanded with a bulldoggish glare.

"Because I presume you are a gentleman," I said sweetly. (I didn't think he was one—but still!) "Because it's a lady's undoubted right to change her mind as often as she pleases, and to recall any little favour she may have given any—gentleman!"

"I never even asked her for it!" he cried with a sound that was almost like a sob. "She stuck it in my watch herself. Gad, she kissed the—"

"Oh, shut up!" cried the little dark man in alarm.

"I'll never speak to her again!" roared Skirving. "I'll never—"

"They're all alike," interrupted the flabby man. "I never spent a penny on them myself."

"Pity you hadn't spoken earlier!" exclaimed Skirving with a ghastly grin.

"When you are ready—" I said.

"If it wasn't such deuced bad form I'd kick you down the front steps," said Skirving.

"Oh, come," I said; "you know you can't help yourself."

"You're up against it!" said the little dark man to Skirving.

"But to think—" began Skirving.

"I think myself," said the little dark man, "that you'd better go 'way back and sit down!"

"And not bother any more about little things in blue," added the flabby man with the eyeglass.

"Who's got a knife?" said Skirving.

I had, but I thought it wasn't for me to volunteer it.

"Here's mine," said the flabby man.

Skirving took it with trembling hands, and, drawing out his watch—a magnificent hunter with his monogram in brilliants—he began to pick out the little photograph inside the case. I looked away, not caring to humiliate him by too close an attention; but out of the corner of my eye I could see he was making a very poor job of it. Quite unintentionally—I am perfectly sure of that—he slashed the face again and again with the glancing blade, and only got the thing out at last in a dozen different shreds of scraped paper. This accomplished, he held up the watch for me to see that there was nothing left of the girl's face.

"I hope you are satisfied," he said savagely.

I bowed.

"It wasn't my fault she stuck it in so infernally tight," he said, handing me a sort of paper lint that was now all that remained of the photograph.

"You've acted like a gentleman," I said, stuffing the remnants into my waistcoat pocket.

"For Heaven's sake, don't patronise me!" he cried.

"I'll wish you a good afternoon," I observed.

"Hold on a minute!" he exclaimed. "Be sure you represent this thing right to the young lady."

"I think you may trust me to do that," I said.

"I mean," he explained, speaking with some emotion, "I wouldn't like her to think I cut up her picture out of spite. You saw yourself it was stuck in like peanut candy, and I had to maul it all to pieces to get it out."

"That was evident," I said.

"And tell her," he began, "if I ever in all my life—"

"Oh, let it go at that!" exclaimed the little dark man.

"I will!" cried Skirving convulsively. "I won't demean myself by passing an opinion on such a—"

"I wish you gentlemen good afternoon," I said.

"We'll always be glad to see you here!" exclaimed the flabby man with ironical friendliness.

"Oh, call again, do!" cried the little dark man.

Skirving said nothing. I left him leaning with his elbows on the table, and staring with unseeing eyes at the ash-tray in front of him.

I had a hard hunt for Miss Martin, and though I rode out to four or five houses where I might expect to find her, and took in the Summerfield links as well, I failed everywhere in my quest. Somebody told me they had seen her driving out on the Riven Rock Road, and still

another that she was up at the Mission with some strangers; but though I sought her far and wide, and lathered my horse into a foam, I had no better luck than at first. After I had dressed for dinner—finding I had a few minutes to spare—I went round and telephoned to her house.

"This is Mr. Lionel Houseman," I said.

"Who?" inquired a tiny foreign voice.

"Mr. Lionel Houseman," I repeated.

"Mr. Lionel who?" inquired the tiny foreign voice.

"Houseman!" I shouted.

"Oh!" exclaimed the tiny foreign voice.

"Mr. Lionel Houseman wishes to speak to Miss Martin!" I said.

"Oh, you are Mr. Houseman?" said the tiny foreign voice.

"I've been trying to tell you that for some time," I said, goaded into incivility.

"I am ze lady's maid," said the tiny foreign voice, "and I was told to give you message in case you rang up."

"You've done what?" she asked.

I took out those shreds of paper and laid them on her knee. "Here's all that's left of it," I said.

"Left of what?" she asked, turning them over with a rosy finger.

"Mr.—your friend's picture," I said guardedly.

She gave me a startled look.

"This is Mr. Skirving!" she said, indicating the man next her.

For a second we were all struck speechless, as though thunderbolts had descended from heaven.

"It must have been my brother Bill," exclaimed her partner in a choking voice.

"Do you mean to say you took this out of a man's watch?" asked Miss Martin, with an almost hysterical intonation.

"At least I stood there and made a man scrape it out," I said. "They said he was named Skirving. He certainly never said he wasn't."

The two of them looked at me and then burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter. I tried to speak, to explain, to tell them how naturally it all had happened; but the moment I opened my mouth I was drowned in a double torrent of merriment. Skirving wiped his eyes, and—I wonder he didn't have apoplexy. I wonder he didn't die.

"I see I have made a perfect ass of myself!" I said, when they had somewhat recovered.

"This was the gentleman I meant all the time!" said Miss Martin.

"I hope you don't expect me to do that kind of thing twice?" I said.

"Oh, it's all arranged," said Miss Martin, with another giggle of recollection. "He was wonderfully sweet and nice about it."

"I can't say that Bill was!" I said.

"Oh, Bill!" cried Skirving, going off again.

I turned over Miss Martin's card. Not that I was in any humour to dance, but it seemed a straw

to cling to in that terrible moment. I noticed, first of all, that it was filled from one to sixteen, and secondly, that every blank bore the name of "Anthony Skirving."

"I think you ought to tell him," said Skirving.

"It's awful that he should be the first one!" said Miss Martin.

"The fact is," said Skirving impressively, "I have just proposed to this young lady, and she has done me the great honour of accepting me."

"Will you allow a poor worm to retire?" I said.

"Oh, don't go, Mr. Houseman!" exclaimed Miss Martin.

"Not, at least, before congratulating you, my dear young lady, on the happy event," I said, rising to my feet.

"You can't feel half as ashamed as I do," said Miss Martin.

"Oh, don't mention it," I said; "but if you'll pardon me I'll just take these wisps and try to find Bill."

"Well, there's one thing about Bill I think I ought to tell you," said Skirving. "He has a strong sense of humour."

"Thank Heaven!" I said.

THE END.



I walked up to her.

"A message?" I said.

"Miss Martin hopes to see you to-night at ze Charity Ball at ze Hotel Arlington."

"Be sure and tell her I shall be there," I said.

The ball was to be at nine o'clock, but a dinner engagement kept me after eleven, and it was fully midnight before I managed to reach the hotel. I had no little trouble to find Miss Martin in the crush, and it seemed as though even here the fates were still against me. But at last I ran across her in a sort of conservatory where she was sitting in a corner very eagerly talking to her partner—a big, handsome fellow whose face conjured up an indefinite recollection of a former acquaintance. He was certainly making a good deal of running with Miss Martin, and it caused me a pang to perceive her evident delight in his company. There was a caressing look in her soft eyes and a general animation and intensity in her whole expression that gave me a little shock to interpret to myself. However, even at the risk of spoiling sport, I walked up to her, and was received with an outstretched hand and a little cry of recognition.

"Well, I've done it," I said proudly, seating myself on the other side of her.

She murmured an inaudible introduction.

THE BALKAN TROUBLE: SCENES OF THE ATTEMPT TO DESTROY SALONIKA WITH BOMBS.

SIX PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUREAU



AFTER THE EXPLOSION AT THE OTTOMAN BANK: BUSINESS IN THE GARDEN.



BURYING THE BODY OF A VICTIM IN THE ENGLISH CEMETERY AT SALONIKA.



THE INTERIOR OF THE OTTOMAN BANK AT SALONIKA IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

ON the evening of April 29 the Ottoman Bank, the Turkish Post Office, and other buildings in Salonika were blown up with dynamite bombs. Five men attacked the bank sentries while others threw bombs into the building.



THE MESSAGERIES STEAMER "GUADALQUIVIR," WRECKED BY A BOMB.

Salonika had been systematically mined by conspirators. A bomb was placed in the Messageries steamer "Guadalquivir" by a Bulgarian named Miloff. One of our illustrations shows the hole blown in the ship's side.



RUINS OF THE HOUSE FROM WHICH THE BANK WAS UNDERMINED: A TURKISH GUARD FINDING A BULGARIAN OFFICER'S SWORD.



THE DAMAGE TO THE HOTEL COLOMBO AT THE REAR OF THE WRECKED BANK, SHOWING MASSES OF MUD THROWN UPON THE ROOF BY THE EXPLOSION.



THE DÉBRIS OF THE OTTOMAN BANK: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE INTERIOR IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

WAGNER'S "DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN," AT COVENT GARDEN.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

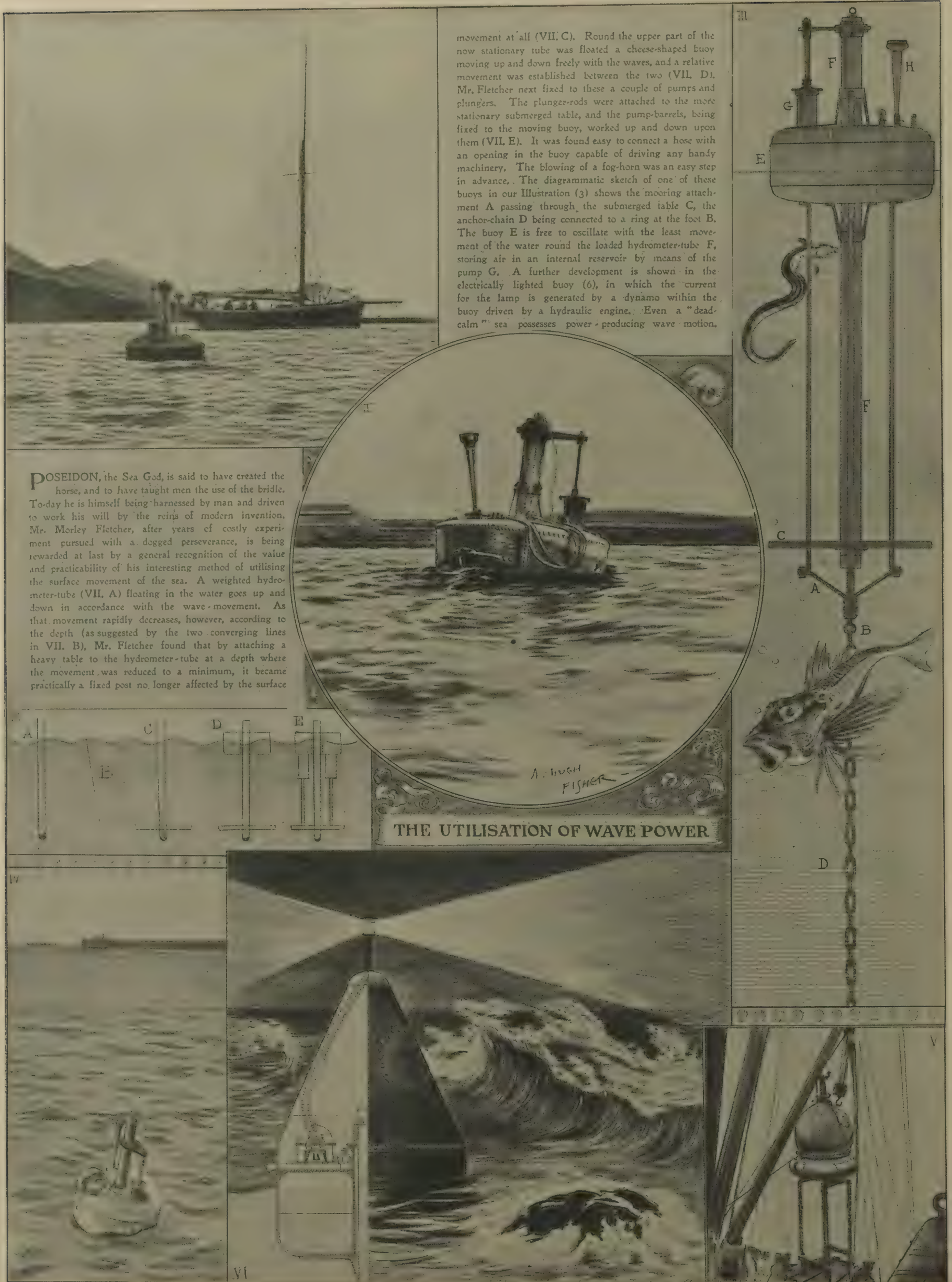


THE FINAL TABLEAU OF "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG": THE HALL OF THE GIBICHUNGS OVERWHELMED BY THE RHINE, WHILE VALHALLA, WITH ITS GODS AND HEROES, GOES UP IN FLAME.

After Siegfried has been slain by Hagen, the twilight of the gods descends. As the flames of the funeral pyre consume the hero's body in front of the abode of the Gibichungs, the Rhine rises and sweeps the huge pillared hall away. The skill with which this tremendous effect has been produced during the recent "Ring" cycles at Covent Garden is a triumph of stage-management. As the ruins subside, a vision of Valhalla in flames symbolises the end of Wotan's sway.

MECHANICAL POWER FROM THE MOTION OF THE SEA.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



1. THE "BONNIE DOON" AND FOG-HORN BUOY MARKING CHANNEL BY SANTURCE, NORTH SPAIN.
2. THE SAME FOG-HORN BUOY.
3. A DIAGRAMMATIC SKETCH OF THE SAME BUOY.
4. A SIMILAR BUOY AT WORK OFF DOVER.
5. A SPHERICAL BUOY FITTED WITH THE SOUND-PRODUCING GEAR BEING LOWERED INTO POSITION AT SEA.
6. BUOY BEARING AN ELECTRIC LIGHT IN WHICH THE CURRENT FOR THE LAMP IS GENERATED BY A DYNAMO WITHIN THE BUOY DRIVEN BY A WAVE-POWER HYDRAULIC ENGINE
7. DIAGRAM REFERRED TO IN LETTERPRESS

"SHAMROCK III.'S" OPPONENT FOR THE AMERICA CUP: THE "RELIANCE" STRETCHING HER CANVAS OFF RHODE ISLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY LEVICK AND JAMES.



THE "RELIANCE" CLOSE-HAULED.



THE "RELIANCE" RUNNING FREE.

The America Cup defender was tried in Narragansett Bay and at sea on April 25, and showed herself well worthy of the trust placed in her. The weather conditions were such that no better test of spars and canvas could have been obtained. The "Reliance" proved to be particularly fast when reaching and running. She turns up a very small bow wave when making from five to ten knots, leaves an exceptionally smooth wake, and is quick in stays. She was beaten by her predecessor, "Columbia," on May 5, and outsailed her on May 8.



THE BALKAN TROUBLE.—A TALE OF TURKISH OPPRESSION: A MOUNTAINEER, AT THE DOOR OF A MOSQUE, TELLING OF SLAUGHTER AND PILLAGE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

During the present unrest it is not unusual to see in the bazaars of Eastern European townships some villager who recounts a tale of outrage and devastation wrought in an upland district. The subject of our Artist's picture has found his audience at the door of a mosque. It is noteworthy that at Kuprili a mosque where two hundred Moslems were assembled has been blown up by one of the "Macedonian Knights of Death."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The demand of the dying poet-philosopher for "Light—more light!" in one sense foreshadows a piece of scientific teaching of the modern kind which itself forms the basis of a very important lesson not only in public hygiene, but in personal health as well. For that teaching is year by year endeavouring to show forth the values of light as a necessary condition in the healthy environment. Yet it is one which, by the majority of civilised mankind, is grossly neglected for the plainest of reasons—namely, that they have not learned to appreciate the blessings that follow in the track of the sunbeam. Sun-worshippers there were and are, seeing in the orb of day a fitting object of adoration. Doubtless their attitude is to be appreciated from the very ordinary point of view that light and heat and the vivification of animals and plants were things only possible of continuance so long as Sol held sway. To-day we know that existence would be impossible in the absence of light, but we are also led by science to shower blessings on the sun as not only our great upkeeper and upholder, but likewise as itself an enemy of many of the diseases which decimate us.

It is a noteworthy fact that, while life and light are practically interchangeable terms, when we have regard to ordinary plants and the animal world, the microbes or germs, to certain of which we owe some of our ailments, are children of the darkness. They flourish in the dark, just as in some cases we find them independent of the oxygen gas without the presence of which life at large could not continue. So that these groundlings of the living universe may be said to live in a world peculiarly their own, in so far as vital conditions are concerned. But we have a far more powerful argument at hand for the extreme value of sunlight in the shape of definite information regarding its effects, and also the effects of ordinary diffused light, on the growth and multiplication of germs. If, by nature, they can do without light, so light in turn is found to rout them and to act as a very efficient germicide. Doubtless it is to this unrecognised action of light—unrecognised by the public at large, that is—that we owe much of our freedom from disease. It is the task of the man of science to impress us forcibly with the value of light in this respect, and to show forth how life may be made more healthy than it is now by increased attention being paid to the sun as a disease-preventive.

Actual experiment soon convinces us of the power of sunlight to do away with many of our microscopic enemies. We know that microbes multiply with exceeding rapidity. Their progeny runs into millions on what we may call very slight encouragement in the shape of a favourable medium or soil wherein to grow. Hence another view of the sunlight is its power to destroy germs by reason of its widespread influence. No disinfectant, in other words, can be so powerful, for the reason that it is universal in its action. There is a species of microbe known as the anthrax bacillus, a species which is of very hardy nature indeed. It is the cause of the disease known as splenic fever (or anthrax) in animals, and it is also capable of causing serious trouble if man is inoculated with it. Now, if anthrax germs be exposed to the sunlight, and the germs be contained in broth or some such medium used in the laboratory as a soil in which to grow them, they will be killed in a space of time not exceeding two and a half hours or so. If, on the other hand, these microbes are contained in some other fluid—blood, for example—a much longer time, stated at about fourteen hours, is needed for their extinction.

Other disease-germs have been shown to be killed by sunlight, while others, again, are modified in a very marked fashion by exposure to the light. The experiments of Dr. Ransome, for example, demonstrated that the germs of tubercle, or consumption, die in a few hours on exposure to the sun's rays, a longer time being needed to kill them by ordinary light. This result is practically interesting, for in the open-air treatment of consumption a great deal is made of the sunlight as an essential, or at least a desirable, part of the cure. I well remember being struck by the influence attributed to the sun when I visited Davos Platz. Physiologically, it is provable that light exercises a very powerful action on our bodies; and that it may influence our nourishment not only by promoting health generally, but by influencing our tissues directly, is by no means a far-fetched notion. There was one observation made in the case of guinea-pigs which is of interest in this connection. Certain stocks of these animals known to be tuberculous were divided into two sets. One was exposed to sunshine, while the other set was kept in ordinary hutch. The result was that the lives of the first series were prolonged beyond those of the second set. The moral of this observation is that as an agent in promoting disease-resisting power sunshine should be valued by everybody.

One is reminded here of the action of light illustrated in the Finsen treatment of certain grave diseases affecting the skin, a mode of cure in which our Queen has taken a very practical interest. The only adequate explanation of the results which are being attained in hospitals by the light-treatment is that founded on the view that, as the diseases in question are known to be the result of microbic action, the light-rays must act by killing the germs, or by rendering the tissues in which they exist capable of resisting further attack. While science is never weary of pointing out the need of and the benefits accruing from breathing a pure atmosphere, it takes up a second theme to-day of equal importance in praising light as a healer and a preventive of disease. It will be the better for us all if we lay this latter lesson to heart, and if, while enjoying the sunshine, we also regard it as a universal medicine of Nature's own.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

G. BAKKER (Rotterdam).—Thanks for your interesting letter. Your solution is correct, but we regret, owing to circumstances, the anniversary will not be commemorated as you wish. "The Three-Move Chess Problem," by J. Kayner, published by Swan, Sonnenschein, Pater-noster Row.

H. S. BRANDRETH.—We regret the mistake of names. As regards "three-movers" see answer above.

R. S. PARSONS (Kilburn).—There is no mistake; if you will play over the solution on a board you will find it so for yourself.

W. T. (Hull).—Much obliged; but our space is too limited.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3076 received from C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3077 from H. S. Brandreth (Weybridge); of No. 3078 from Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), A. G. (Pancova), G. Bakker (Rotterdam), W. A. Lillico (Glasgow), Clement C. Danby, and Eugene Henry (Lewisham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3079 received from Joseph Cook, Edith Corser (Reigate), F. J. S. (Hampstead), Shadforth, Albert Wolff (Putney), Reginald Gordon, L. Desanges, W. D. Easton (Sunderland), T. Roberts, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), R. Worters (Canterbury), Captain Spencer, G. Stillingleet Johnson (Cobham), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Sorrento, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), R. H. Poole, W. A. Lillico (Glasgow), J. W. Campsie, J. F. G. Pietersen (Kingswinford), F. Henderson (Leeds), Twynam (Ryde), Charles Burnett, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), G. Bakker (Rotterdam), and Martin F.

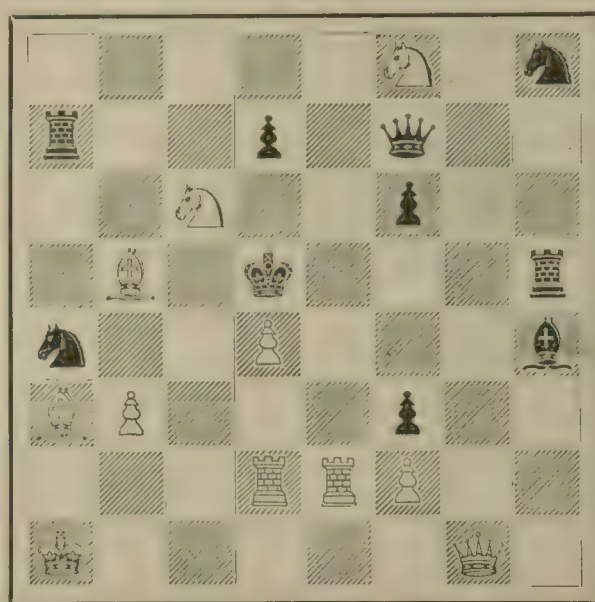
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3078.—BY DR. OSCAR BLUMENTHAL.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K 7th K takes R
2. Q to Q 7th (ch) K moves
3. Q or K to mate.

If Black play 1. B takes R, 2. Kt to B 7th (ch); if K to Q 4th, 2. Q to B 4th (ch); and if 1. B moves, 2. R to K 6th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3081.—BY H. WHITTEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Game played in the Championship Tourney between Messrs. J. C. GRIERSON and F. K. KELLING.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. Q takes R (ch)	Q takes Q
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. R takes Q (ch)	R takes R
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	21. Kt to R 3rd	B takes B
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	22. Kt takes B	R to K 7th
5. Castles	Kt takes P	23. R to Q B sq	B to Kt 4th
6. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	24. R to K sq	R takes Kt
7. R to K sq	Kt to Q 3rd		
8. P takes P	Kt to B 5th		
9. P to B 3rd	Castles		
10. B to B 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd	25. B to R sq	R takes R P
11. Q to Q 3rd	P to Kt 3rd	26. P to Q B 4th	K to B sq
12. K to R sq	P to Q 3rd	27. K to Kt sq	R to B 7th
13. Q to K 2nd	B to K 3rd	28. B to Q 4th	R to B 8th
14. P to Q Kt 3rd		29. K to B sq	R takes R (ch)
		30. K takes R	Kt to Q 2nd
		31. K to K 2nd	K to K 2nd
		32. P to R 3rd	K to Q 3rd
		33. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 4th
		34. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to K 3rd
		35. P to B 5th (ch)	Q to Q 4th
		36. B to B 3rd	K to B 5th
		37. B to K sq	Kt to Q 5th (ch)
		38. K to Q sq	Kt to B 3rd
		39. B to Kt 3rd	Kt takes P
		40. B takes P	K takes P
		41. B to Kt 3rd	K to B 5th
		42. B to K 5th	K to Kt 6th
		43. P to B 4th	B to K 2nd
		44. P to Kt 3rd	P to Q R 4th
		45. B to B 7th	P to R 5th
		46. B to K 5th	P to R 6th

Black wins.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played at the Sydney Chess Club between the Rev. A. MILLER and Mr. H. TAYLOR.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	8.	Kt to B 7th
2. P to K 4th	P takes P	9. Q to Q 5th	Kt takes R
3. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd		
4. Q to Q sq			
		10. Q takes B	Q to R 5th (ch)
		11. P to Kt 3rd	Q takes R P
		12. B to K B 4th	P to Q 3rd
		13. Q to Kt sq	Q to R 4th
		14. P to K Kt 4th	R to R 5th (ch)
		15. K to Q 2nd	Kt to B 7th
		16. K to K 3rd	Kt to R 6th
		17. Q to R 2nd	Kt takes B

White resigns.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider Column Articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—I.

(See Supplement).

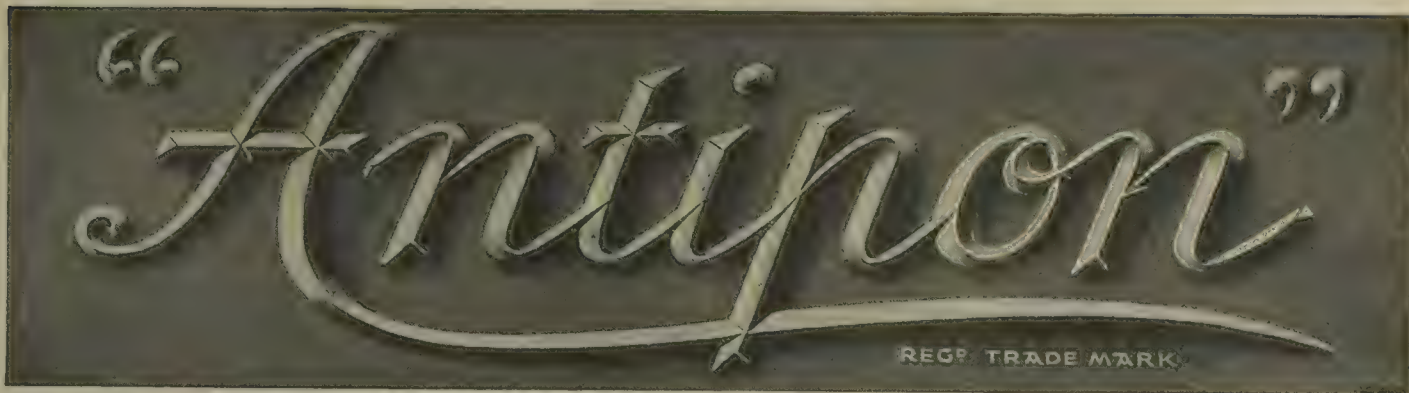
People who like subject-pictures have no great treat prepared for them at Burlington House this year. True, Mr. John Collier does not fail them, though his somewhat stagey "Prodigal Daughter" leaves the details of the story to the spectator's own devising. We have a weird father and a very homely mother (the father rather than the mother bears the physical marks of suffering inflicted by a daughter's delinquency—surely a sign of the times). We have the daughter herself standing upright, even defiant, against the door which she has closed behind her, something less than a penitent in her demeanour, and not in the least likely to abide in the provincial parlour, for her very attitude proclaims her to be obviously out of gear with domesticities; and we have a light which, like the girl's posture, is that of the footlights. Mr. Collier's name still lacks the "A" of Associate after it, and one wonders why. His art is not only that which a large outer public loves, but that also after which a group of the Academic inner circle strives with less success than he.

Another story-picture, frankly an illustration, is that in which Mr. J. C. Dollman shows us the convention of monkeys and "Mowgli" made leader of the Bandar-log." Mr. Kipling's words are conveniently quoted for those who forget "The Jungle Book": "This time, they said, they were really going to have a leader, and become the wisest people in the jungle—so wise that everyone else would notice and envy them." The scene is not very pictorial; and the browns of the monkey-world are dull and uninspiring beside the blacks and golds that other jungle stories of other beasts suggest to the mind's palette. Another fault is incident indeed to most pictures of multitudes, whether of men, angels, or monkeys—the fault of monotonous repetition. Two models appear to have done general duty for Mr. Dollman's congregation of apes. We sigh for the bear, the boa constrictor, and the black tiger as bits of colour; we miss the spirit and action which might have been yielded by a presentment of the Bandar-log's capture of Mowgli and the dragging of him from tree to tree, or the rescue of him effected by the fight in the water-tank. Mr. Dollman, however, has done wisely to choose a theme well within his powers; and, when so much on these walls is insipid and decivilised, it is with positive refreshment that we get a glimpse into something racy and savage.

Hardly a story-picture, but a picture of incident, is the canvas called "Youth," contributed by Mr. C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A. A pretty pleasure-yacht, with three youths on board, is seen leading in full sail; it has just rounded a buoy; the bows are immersed in the clear water, while the youths cling on in attitudes full of sea-faring energy. The whole boat suggests the excitement of the race, the exhilaration of the winds and waves. An artist who is Mr. Hemy's neighbour at Falmouth, and his fellow-Associate of the Royal Academy, is Mr. Tuke; and his work offers an interesting contrast with that of Mr. Hemy. It is less virile, but it is more beautiful. It shows a finer colour-sense but a less dramatic force. "The Stowaway" gives us the moment following the discovery of a lad who has been hidden in the hold of a ship. The boy has a defensive attitude, as though he were afraid of being struck by the finders, two sailors, whose desire for any such activity is by no means portrayed by Mr. Tuke. More bold depths of darkness in the hold, even a more uncomfortable hiding-place, would have added to the interest of the theme. A happier conception of Mr. Tuke's is to be seen in his "Noonday Heat"—two boys portrayed on a beach in a perhaps too posed repose. These figures give Mr. Tuke an opportunity to display his mastery in the treatment of flesh in open air.

Portraits come by degrees to be better appreciated in England. The old complaint that a portrait was uninteresting if you did not know the sitter is now not so often heard as it was twenty years ago. Perhaps Mr. Sargent has done more than anybody else to effect this reformation. In some of his portraits—indeed, in most of them—he is a painter almost of episode. His sitters may be strangers, but are already addressing you. He is a painter of drama, and even a painter of that which in so much literature has supplanted drama—the character-study, almost the moral problem. This year six canvases, all of them confined to single figures, represent the handiwork of an artist who gave nearly the whole of last autumn to his decorations for the Boston Free Library, and who has spent the first months of the present year in the United States, placing his decorations and painting the President. The portrait of "C. McCorquodale, Esq.," is not only Mr. Sargent's finest portrait, but the first picture of the year. Never has the artist's vitality been further displayed, and never has he made a more dexterous study of the acutely attentive expression of an interested sitter. Seldom, we go on to say, has he accomplished a more beautiful rendering of half-tones and shadows. Of the admirable treatment of the accessories, the velvet coat, the background, it is superfluous to speak in presence of a head that arrests—as it properly should—the eye, keeps it fixed, or allows it to wander only to bring it back with renewed wonder and admiration. The modelling of a part of the face in the pendent portrait of the Earl of Cromer is not so completely convincing; but the complaint that Mr. Sargent has not seen and rendered the statesman in his sitter, but rather the country gentleman, may admit of a double-edged explanation. Mr. Sargent's portraits of women are those of Mrs. Philip Agnew, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Lady Evelyn Cavendish, and Mrs. Julius Wernher—we give them in the order of our preference. Mrs. Philip Agnew's sympathetic beauty of expression and pose has been realised by the painter even in the least touch of his own brushwork. The larger portrait of Mrs. Chamberlain, who claims a priority of personal interest among the sitters of the year, shows the standing, three-quarter-length, figure of a young, slight, fresh-complexioned woman, wearing evening dress.

The Great
Permanent
Cure for
Corpulence.



Restores
Beauty of
Figure, with
Renewed
Strength and
Energy.

ITS VALUE AS A PERMANENT CURE FOR CORPULENCE.

The new permanent remedy for corpulence has already attracted much attention, and several medical men, to whom its ingredients have been made known, have given "Antipon" their unqualified approval. This admirable preparation is the very opposite of those physically wasting remedies (so-called) which, though they may bring down the weight for a time, perform this work by seriously injuring the constitution. "Antipon" is tonic and invigorating, and gives renewed activity to the vital organs too long impeded by internal fatty deposits. It promotes a healthy natural appetite for generous foods, and assists the functions of digestion and assimilation. It also frees the action of the skin and kidneys, thereby eliminating from the system much matter that would otherwise form a deposit of fat. Briefly, while the superabundant adipose is being expelled with more or less rapidity (according to the constitution of the patient or the severity of the case), the whole organism is being gradually reformed, muscular tissue formed, and the blood purified and enriched, with untold benefit to the general health.

"Antipon" acts very promptly. Within a day and a night of the first doses the fat thrown off will amount to something between 8 oz. and 3 lb. in ordinary cases. Very stout persons may lose even more. The reduction day by day is then steadily progressive, and the stated doses of the medicine may be dropped as soon as the sufferer has reached normal weight and elegant proportions. "Antipon" has then done its work. There need be no further anxiety; the medicine has destroyed the root-evil. Common prudence in living is all that is now needed. "Antipon" is a harmless vegetable liquid, with a pleasantly bitter flavour, and is remarkably refreshing in hot weather. It does not require help. That is to say, there is no necessity for any irksome restrictions as to food and drink, nor for any wearying and enfeebling exercises. "Antipon" will prove a lasting blessing to thousands. It is sold by chemists in bottles at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; or, should there be any difficulty, "Antipon" may be obtained, post free, in private package (on receipt of remittance), from the sole manufacturers, the "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.—Reprint from the *Lady's Realm*.

THE GREAT PROBLEM SOLVED AT LAST!

The New Permanent Cure for Corpulence.

Some Plain Facts.

"ANTIPON," the newly discovered permanent cure for Corpulence, is the most powerful fat absorbent known. It destroys and expels all superfluous fatty matter with amazing promptness. It acts from the very first dose, producing within the first day and night a decrease in weight varying from 8 oz. to 3 lb. After this there is a constant daily reduction until natural graceful proportions are permanently attained.

"ANTIPON" not only reduces abdominal fat and the ugly deposits that show themselves in baggy cheeks, double chin, and bulky limbs; it dissolves and eliminates the more dangerous internal fat which clings around the vital organs, and which may, if neglected, cause fatty degeneration of the heart, liver, and kidneys, a condition of continual menace to life. Difficult breathing, sudden palpitation of the heart, and other grave symptoms of disease soon disappear after a short acquaintance with the surprising curative action of "Antipon."

"ANTIPON" is a builder-up of healthy muscular tissue; whilst the superfluous fat is being destroyed, the powerful tonic action of the medicine is proved by a keener appetite. More generous nourishment is taken. This makes rich blood—pure blood, the system being freed from waste fatty matter and other unwholesome deposits. That is the building process which goes on simultaneously with the clearing away of the dangerous deposits of fat.

"ANTIPON" dispenses with help from drugs of any kind—purgatives and sudorifics are alike unnecessary. No unreasonable restrictions as to living are required. On the contrary, those who use "Antipon" must "feed up," so that sound muscular fibre shall be a compensation for loss of weight.

"ANTIPON" is a pleasantly bitter liquid, non-mineral, and certified absolutely harmless by a number of physicians who have investigated the ingredients. "Antipon" has received the written approval and warmest support of these authorities. A course of "Antipon" makes a new being of any stout person, for with the permanent reduction of weight there is a revivifying of the whole system—a fresh endowment of strength and vitality.

"ANTIPON" can be had of Chemists, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, from stock or on order; or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance), post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

PRESS OPINIONS.

From "The Illustrated London News."—"Antipon" should prove advantageous because it not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

From "Woman."—"We desire to call the attention of our readers to 'Antipon,' a marvellously efficacious medicine for the permanent eradication of obesity. We say 'eradication' advisedly, because 'Antipon' attacks the root-evil of the disease; dissolves, absorbs, and eliminates from the system all the unwholesome superfluous fatty deposits that clog and impede the action of the internal organs, as well as the superabundant subcutaneous fat, abdominal and general, which is as uncomely as it is burdensome. Apart from the permanently reductive results achieved by 'Antipon,' the tonic effects are amazing."

From "Sheffield Independent."—"A new preparation which bids fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned."

"Antipon" is a remedy in itself. The tonic effects are wonderful."

From "Penny Illustrated Paper."—"In 'Antipon,' the great new permanent cure for corpulence, the world is made richer by a marvellous discovery. Cures, or so-called cures, which purged and sweated the patient into a state of decline, are of the past. 'Antipon' is something of a diametrically opposite nature, for whilst it is gradually absorbing and ejecting the gross deposits of superfluous fat which clog and debilitate the system, and impede the action of the vital organs, it increases muscular strength and helps to revitalise the nervous system."

From "Methodist Recorder."—"Antipon" is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy. 'Antipon' is compounded of vegetable products, is a liquid, and is very refreshing. It may be counted upon to take off within the first day and night an amount of superfluous fat ranging from 8 oz. to 3 lb., and the reductive action continues until the desired symmetry of form and figure is reached. The dietary restrictions are simple. Broadly speaking, the patient need not change his (or her) mode of living."

From the "Eastern Morning News."—"Truth is that 'Antipon,' the new great permanent cure for corpulence, is a grand tonic which promotes a healthy appetite and greater powers of digestion, assimilation, and nutrition. This means that while the reduction of fat is proceeding at the rate of so much a day (the first day's decrease varying from 8 oz. to 3 lb.), the body is receiving increased support in the way of food, the blood is being enriched, new muscular tissue formed, and the nervous system reinvigorated. Best of all, perhaps, the cure is permanent. 'Antipon' is now among the great remedies of the age. It is pleasant to the taste, purely vegetable, and absolutely harmless."

"ANTIPON" can be had of Chemists, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, from stock or on order; or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance), post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—

THE "ANTIPON" COMPANY,
13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.
Telegraphic Address: "Corpulence, London."

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A LUXURY AND A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET.

"HARLENE" produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents it Falling Off and Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The World-Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c.; also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour.

UNDER THE ROYAL PATRONAGE OF

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H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE OF RUSSIA.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.
H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.
H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.
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THE GREAT EXPLORER,
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"I think it right to tell you that on my return from my recent Land Expedition from Paris to New York I was practically bald; the few hairs I had left were rapidly coming out. I have only used your 'Harlene' for two months, and am perfectly astounded at its marvellous results. My hair has ceased dropping out, and is growing again quite thickly, and I can safely testify from personal experience to the marvellous effects of your 'Harlene.'"

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Madame

SUZANNE ADAMS,

THE CHARMING OPERATIC SINGER,
writes—

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Salway & use Harlene for my hair and find it an excellent tonic and dressing
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Illustrated London News (May 16, 1903).

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LADIES' PAGE.

Ladies who are interested in the public work of women much regret the introduction of the new Education Bill for London on the ground that it will deprive women of the power of assisting directly in managing the education of the children of the Metropolis. During the last thirty-two years, ever since the formation of the London School Board, ladies have been eligible and found ready to offer themselves to serve the public in this direction. There has not been a single London Board upon which there have not been some lady members; and in most cases, every lady who had once been a member was gladly re-elected by her constituency when offering herself for another triennial return. In contradiction to the notion that women in public life would be governed by their pet parson, it has been found that the majority of the ladies have always sat on the unsectarian "ticket." The work of the members of a School Board is not only unpaid, but it is unthanked and obscure, and the public can hardly be fully aware of the benefit that has been reaped from the services of this series of capable, practical women. Every Chairman of the London School Board, however, has borne testimony to the ability and usefulness of the lady members; and, indeed, the constant re-election of most of the ladies by their constituents, who, of course, know something of the work of each member, is in itself sufficient testimony.

Just before Parliament opened this Session, a memorial was presented to the Prime Minister, signed by a large number of most influential people, asking Mr. Balfour, in consideration of the fact that education was now being placed in the hands of the County Councils all over the country, and of the Borough Councils in London, to introduce a Bill making women eligible for membership on those bodies. If this were done, of course ladies could present themselves to the electors for the County Councils and the Borough Councils in London, expressly in order to take charge of the school work of those bodies. But Mr. Balfour, although supposed to be a friend to the representation of women, has done absolutely nothing since he has been in office to justify that supposition, and he has not as yet taken any notice of the request of the memorialists just referred to. Yet the House of Commons, when the County Councils Act was passed, consented to women being entitled to stand for election on those bodies; it was the Judges who took away the power, owing to a defect in the drafting of the Act, which left

Councils Bill of 1899. The feeling displayed upon the occasion was explained by the Lord Chancellor as meaning that the question of the sex disqualification for public life was considered at issue; and the Lords as a body meant to uphold that disqualification. The immediate result of it is, at any rate, that under the new Education Bill the bodies which are in future to have the real management of the London schools, the Borough Councils, will be exclusively masculine.

Almost everybody who goes to the evening Court seems delighted with the change in the hour of holding these functions. The scene is much more brilliant under the artificial light, and the greater time and freedom that is allowed for the general company to mix with each other makes it seem more worth while than it did before to have such superb and costly dresses prepared. The abolition of the train-tea, however, has deprived us of one of our most popular of the season's functions: it is too late for a gathering at home on return from the Court, and most ladies think that it would be too tiring to receive their friends beforehand. One, at least, however, of the guests at Friday's Court, Mrs. Yonge Fox, invited her friends to a train-tea just as in olden times. Her gown was white satin draped with net embroidered in opal sequins, with train of white brocade lined with rose-pink satin, and trimmed with chiffon pleatings and pink and white ostrich-plumes. It was amusing again to see the gorgeous Court dress with plumes and diamonds by daylight—an experience one thought had passed with the Victorian era.

A few ladies gave a reception after their return, but this cuts short the pleasure of the Court, and is not likely to be generally adopted. White and black were the prevailing colours of this Court. The Queen led the fashion in her beautiful dress of white satin, covered with chiffon, embroidered with silver and real diamonds, and decorated with diamond ornaments down the front of the skirt; the train was embroidered to correspond, and her Majesty's ornaments were entirely of diamonds, so that she looked, everybody says, a glittering vision of beauty. The Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Buccleuch, wore a contrasting robe in black satin embroidered in gold, with black Chantilly lace on the corsage; the train was of cloth-of-gold lined throughout with narrow full frills of black chiffon, and trimmed with the same black lace. Her Grace's ornaments were emeralds, and she wore a number of orders, many of which were given her by the late Queen, and also Queen Alexandra's Coronation badge and the King's Coronation medal. The Marchioness of Lansdowne also wore the Coronation medal given her by the King, together with the medal of Queen Victoria's Jubilee and the Orders of Victoria and Albert and the Crown of India. Lady Lansdowne wore white satin covered with white and gold embroidered net, and a train of striped Indian embroidery, in red and gold. White occurred so often in the dresses as to become almost monotonous, and it was generally spangled with either gold or silver. Lady de Ramsey mingled white and black with good effect in her skirt of white tulle laid over accordion-pleated chiffon and embroidered with silver and jet paillettes; there was a wide panel of black net accordion-pleating brightened with spangles; the train was of white satin trimmed with Brussels lace and black embroidered net and clusters of pink roses; with this effective gown she wore her rubies.

The use of various colours in transparent materials superposed is not exactly a novelty, as it has to some extent been employed during the past two seasons for ordinary ball-dresses, but I have not before this time seen a Court gown thus managed. It proved very effective in the case of one train, which had a lining of a deep night-sky blue gauze, over which came a mauve tulle, and then a very fine variety of black gauze, through which the other two colours shimmered with an uncommon and beautiful effect. Blue formed the foundation also of another transparent train, which had orange and pale-yellow chiffon for the rest of its intricate composition. The centre of the top part of the train was pale yellow chiffon; but from the sides was arranged a delicate sun-ray pleating of chiffon, shading from pale yellow to orange; it was caught into place by ribbon-work embroidered down in clusters of dahlias in several shades of yellow. Chiffon flowers with ribbon-work stems and foliage decorated another white satin gown; these flowers were placed upon net embroidered

in mother-of-pearl, and the whole front of the skirt was decorated with this device. The train was in mauve brocade edged with the same embroidered net, and it was finished with clusters of white roses at each corner. In some cases, many coloured sequins were employed in the embroideries in order to indicate the



WHITE LINEN MORNING GOWN.

tints of a flower or the popular fruit of the moment, clusters of grapes. A beautiful skirt of white satin was veiled in ivory net embroidered all over with iridescent sequins in many shades of mauve toning to purple and of green, the whole forming bunches of grapes with trails of vine-leaves. The train was of mauve panne trimmed with chiffon caught into knots and fixed on with bunches of artificial grapes down the sides, and at the ends it was decorated with large bunches of lilac.

Rumour says that over two thousand ladies applied to be allowed to attend the Court in the historic Castle of Holyrood. This royal reception differed from the English Court in not being held in full evening costume. On the contrary, the ladies were instructed to wear either toques or bonnets. In London the bonnet has been extinct, except for very old ladies, for some seasons back; but this is by no means the case out of the Metropolis, and it is probable that the Queen's order that bonnets should appear at Holyrood will bring them back into fashion, if not immediately, at any rate before long. Every London milliner is showing them now, but there are very few really smart ones. This observation applies to the close-fitting flat bonnets (capotes) which are not very different from toques, but are not nearly so wide, and are furnished with strings, these being usually of tulle or net, but sometimes of ribbon-velvet. The shape of the new capote is, of course, indicated by the style of doing the hair now in vogue, for no other outline could well be adopted with the broad coiffure of the moment. The new shape sits flat upon the head, curving well backwards above the temples, but with a slightly raised pointed piece coming forward in front. This may sound like a description of the familiar "Marie Stuart" shape, and so, to some extent, it is; for, of course, the Stuart cap was made to wear above rolled-back hair done in something like our present fashion. The difference is chiefly in that the new bonnets have the front point raised, often even twisted, in a kind of bow, instead of turning downwards and resting on the hair quite flat, as the orthodox Stuart shape does. Then, again, there are some really bewitching bonnets shown in the 1830 shape—that is to say, with a wide brim raised high in front, said brim being trimmed inside with a wreath of flowers, and pleatings or twists of chiffon. A row of tiny pink Banksia roses, with pleatings of palest pink chiffon, were seen lining the brim of a green chip bonnet, which was further trimmed on the crown with a cluster of roses, a white ostrich feather, and puffs of green tulle.

One of our Illustrations shows an evening gown of black mousseline-de-soie and lace; the other is a white linen dress with lace medallions on the pleats.—FILOMENA.



EVENING GOWN OF BLACK CHIFFON AND LACE.

them to read into it what they called "Common Law disabilities" on the part of women to fill any public office except the throne. The House of Commons also voted that women should be eligible to be elected to the London Borough Councils, and it was the House of Lords, notwithstanding an earnest appeal from Lord Salisbury, that removed that provision from the Borough

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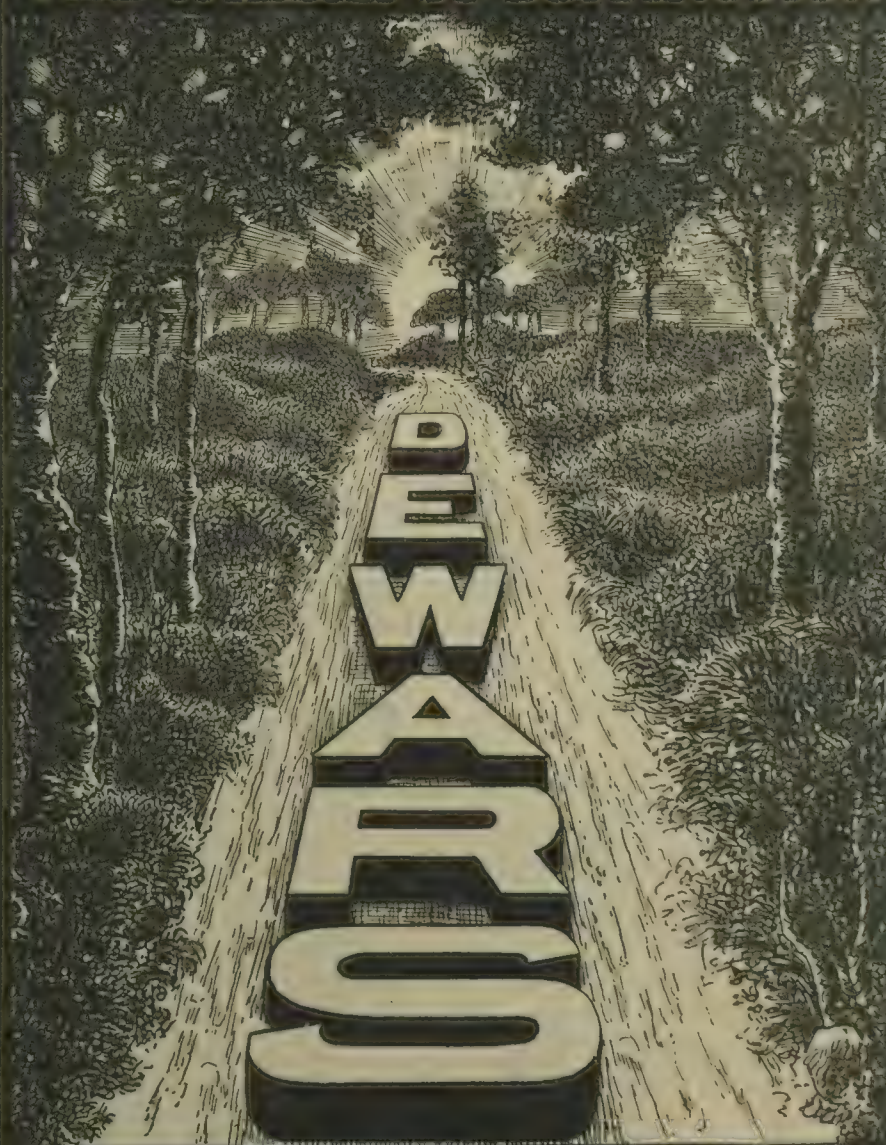
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Robertson, the new Bishop of Exeter, was enthroned in his Cathedral on May 5, and has arranged to begin work at once in the diocese. As alterations are being made in the episcopal palace, he will not take up his residence there until the last week of June.

The funds for the Birmingham bishopric are steadily coming in. Lord Windsor has given £1,000, Mr. John Feeney £1,000, and Mr. F. E. Muntz £500. A sum of over £20,000 still remains to be gathered.

All churches will unite next week in the recognition meetings to be held at the City Temple in connection with the settlement of the Rev. R. J. Campbell. Canon Fleming and Canon Hensley Henson will represent the Church of England, while leading Nonconformists include Dr. Horton, Mr. Horne, and Mr. Watkinson. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech is expected with considerable interest. He has been for several years one of Mr. Campbell's truest friends, and was one of the first to congratulate him on his acceptance of the call.

The Rev. T. Greatorex, Vicar of St. James-the-Less, Westminster, is evidently something of a humorist. In his letter in the *May Parish Magazine*, he says it has always puzzled him to understand how he, as Vicar, should be classified as a detail of expenditure in the accounts which deal with church expenses. "Perhaps," he adds, "I might be included under the heading 'Gas,' or possibly 'Repairs.' I certainly feel to need some of the latter, and hope I may manage to get a few days off for repairs in the course of this month."

The late Rev. Arthur George Warner, Rector of

St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, did valuable service by organising regular midday sermons which were preached to the business population. He took one day himself and provided salaries for the other preachers, including the Rev. E. A. Stuart, who had each a regular day

The Bishop of Worcester, in a sermon at Bromsgrove on "Sabbath Observance," dealt with the frequent argument that, after a week's work, men must have recreation on Sunday. Let them, he said, have recreation and fresh air; but the deepest of all recreation was worship, when once they had learned to love it. He asked that the best part of Sunday should be given to the worship of God, and also that nothing should be done in the way of amusement which interfered with the rest of others.

Bishop Lloyd has left his parish at North Creak, Norfolk, and has said farewell to his friends in a touching letter. He thanked both clergy and laity for their countless acts and words of kindness, and said his work in the diocese had been a very happy one. "You have made me feel," he wrote, "that I had numberless homes in all parts of the diocese; and although I am going back to old friends, I am leaving many behind. I shall never forget East Anglia. From the first day I came to you as a stranger you welcomed me as a friend." The Bishop enters on his work at Newcastle during the present month.

The question of the non-attendance by the laity at church was recently discussed at the conference of the rural deanery of Eccles, Manchester. Mr. Heywood, who read a paper, suggested that while the majority of Churchmen were opposed to any alteration of the Prayer-Book service, it might be possible to make the Prayer-Book more attractive, not only as a religious book, but as a masterpiece of literature. He also thought that the young men ought to have a more prominent part in the ordinary church service.



Photo. Campbell and Gray.

A RIVAL TO THE ELECTRIC TRAM: THE NEW MOTOR 'BUS.

The London 'bus owners have met the increased competition caused by the electrification of so many of the tramway systems by the provision of motor 'buses. They are at present somewhat rare, but there is little doubt that before long they will be one of the commonplaces of the street.

a week assigned to them. Mr. Warner's home was in South Kensington, as there is no house attached to the Cheapside benefice. He was keenly interested in astronomy and the use of the microscope. Mr. Warner passed away at Falmouth from heart failure, accelerated by asthma, from which he had suffered all his life.

alteration of the Prayer-Book service, it might be possible to make the Prayer-Book more attractive, not only as a religious book, but as a masterpiece of literature. He also thought that the young men ought to have a more prominent part in the ordinary church service.

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A GIFT TO THE OFFICERS' MESS OF THE
IRISH GUARDS.

A handsome and appropriate gift has just been made to the Irish Guards officers' mess of three fine statuettes, modelled by the well-known silversmiths, Hunt and Roskell, of New Bond Street. The subjects are three distinguished Irish soldiers—namely, Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, Viscount Gough, and Earl Roberts. The Duke is represented with his Waterloo sword (copied by permission of the present Duke), while the portrait of Viscount Gough is taken from the painting by Sir Francis Grant. The portraiture of Earl Roberts



LORD GOUGH IN SILVER.

KING EDWARD'S CUP FOR THE PRIX PERSIMMON
AT LONGCHAMP.

is remarkably lifelike. The two last are here reproduced. The bases of the statuettes are of opicalcite from Connemara. They bear plates in front engraved with the names of the subjects; and on the back the inscription, "Officers' Mess, Irish Guards, from an Irishman and ex-Guardsman."

THE KING'S LONGCHAMP CUP.

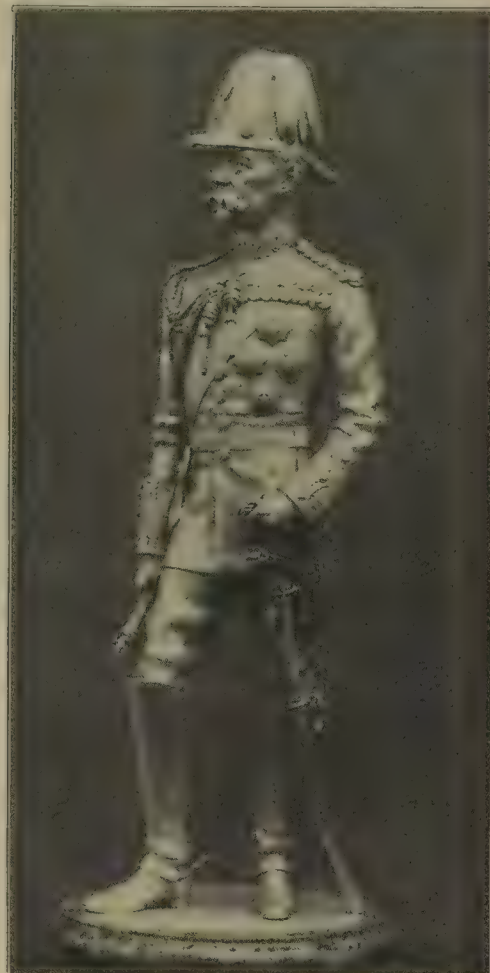
The cup, won by M. Chan's "Le Tsar," was designed and executed by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited. It bears designs symbolical of the Greek cult of Dionysus: heads of Silenus and the young Bacchus, together with vine-leaves, the panther's skin, and the thyrsus, or rod of fennel, tipped with a pine-cone, which the Bacchanals bore in their orgiastic rites.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 24, 1896) of Mr. Charles William Mitchell, of 195, Queen's Gate, S.W., and Jesmond Towers, Newcastle, a director of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., who died on Feb. 28, was proved on May 1 by Mrs. Eliza Highatt Mitchell, the widow, the value of the estate being £922,542. The testator gives the household furniture and effects and one quarter of the whole of his property to his wife; an annuity of £2000 to his mother; £500 to his uncle, Frederic Swan; and £100 for distribution among his servants. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, to pay one third of the income thereof to his wife

during her widowhood; one third thereof to his son Charles Henry Sheridan; and one third to his other children. Subject thereto, he leaves the ultimate residue to his children in such shares as Mrs. Mitchell shall appoint, and in default thereof as to one moiety to his son Charles Henry Sheridan, and the other moiety to his other children.

The will (dated March 1, 1901) of Mr. James Nield Sykes, J.P., of Field Head, Lindley, Huddersfield, has been proved by Frederick William Sykes and William Alfred Whitehead, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £248,159. The testator bequeaths £1000



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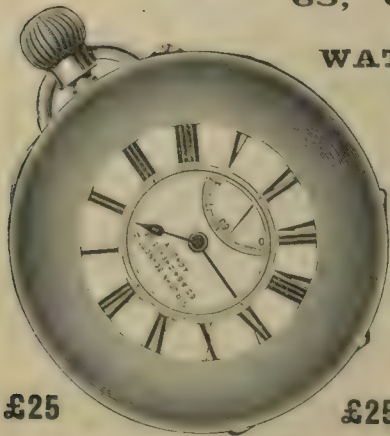
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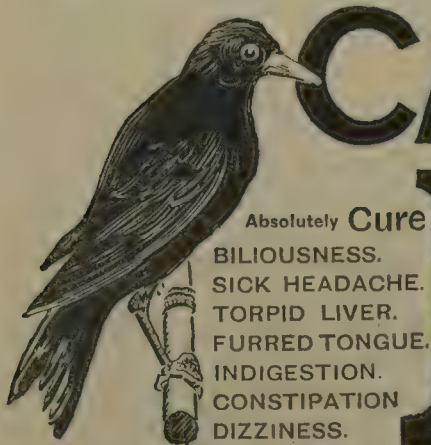
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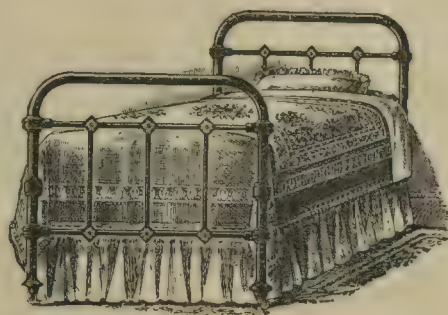
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each to his niece Marianne Sykes, Clara Victoria Sykes, and Norris Peel; £200 each to his grandsons William, Geoffrey Nield, Norman, and Alfred Gordon Whitehead, and £1000 to each of them who should attain twenty-five years of age; £200 each to his executors; £1000 to the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel (East Street, Lindley); £1000 to the Huddersfield Orphan Home; £500 to the Huddersfield Tradesmen's Benevolent Institute; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his daughters Mary Alice Sykes and Sarah Anne Whitehead.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1894) of Mr. John Bligh Monck, J.P., of Coley Park, Reading, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on April 3 by William Berkeley Monck, the son, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £124,103. Subject to legacies to labourers on his estate, the testator leaves all his property to his son.

The will (dated April 25, 1901) of Mr. Charles Louis Theodore Holtzmann, of Claremont, Bradford, who died in January last, has been proved by Mrs. Pauline Holtzmann, the widow, Paul Friedrich Ferdinand Holtzmann, the son, Louis Glavert, and Charles Watkinson, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £115,242. The testator gives £250 to his wife; £200

each to his other executors; £1000 each to his daughters on their marriage; £150 to Charles Hodgson; £100 each to Thomas Moss, James Short Mawson, and Charles Holt; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife while she remains his widow, or an annuity of £200 should she again marry, and subject thereto for his children Paul Friedrich, Charles, Wilfrid Watkinson, Waldemar, Hermann Rawson, Eric Adolf James, Marie Fredrica Hann, Pauline Beatrice, and Dora.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1900), with two codicils (dated Nov. 30, 1900, and Oct. 12, 1901), of Mr. Thomas Benskin, of 78, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on March 23, was proved on April 28 by Mrs. Alice Marion Benskin, the widow, Eric Seagrave Benskin, the son, and Richard Edward West, the value of the estate being £50,064. The testator bequeaths £1000 and the household and domestic effects to his wife, and £50 to Mr. West. The residue of the estate he leaves to his wife while she remains his widow, or in the event of her again marrying, an annuity of £200 is to be paid to her, and subject thereto to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1900), with two codicils (dated April 9, 1902, and Dec. 15 following), of Mrs. Alice Platt,

of Oakleigh, Milverton; Leamington, widow of Mr. John Platt, M.P., of Werneth Park, Oldham, who died on Dec. 19, was proved on April 21 by Colonel Henry Platt, C.B., the son, and Henry Champion, the executors, the value of the estate being £31,702. The testatrix bequeaths £350 to the Infirmary, £250 to the Grammar School of the Hulme Trust, £150 to the Ragged School, and £75 each to the Workshops for the Blind and the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb—all of Oldham; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her children and Mrs. Helen May Platt, the widow of her son Samuel.

The Orient-Pacific Line have published their pleasure-cruise arrangements for the forthcoming Norway season. Three steamers will be employed—namely, the *Orient*, the *Cuzco*, and the *Ophir*, the last-named being the vessel which carried the present Prince of Wales on his Empire tour. The cruises begin on June 11, and vary in length from twenty to twenty-eight days. The programme includes a visit to the glaciers of Spitzbergen, with a prospect of seeing the Polar Pack.



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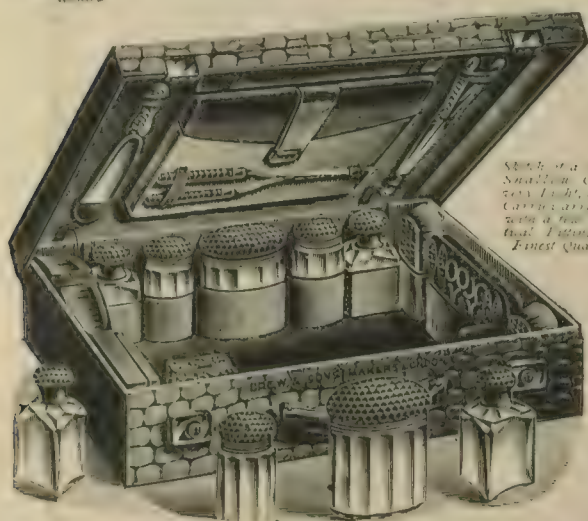
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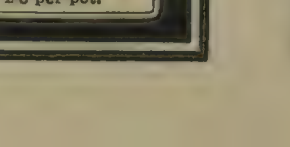
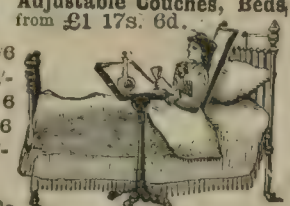
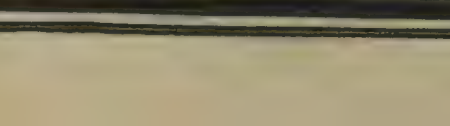
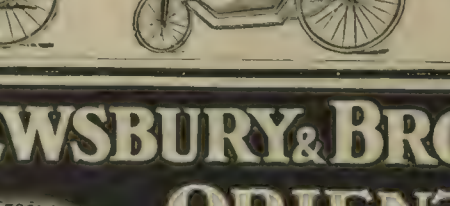
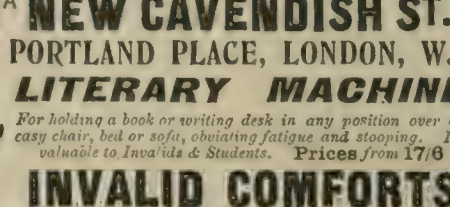
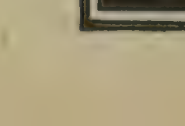
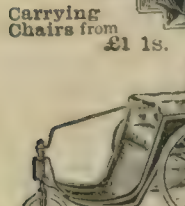
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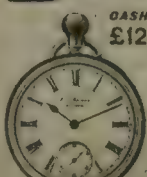
5000 Sapon Washers (value 3/6 each) will be given Free for Sapon Wrappers.

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FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS

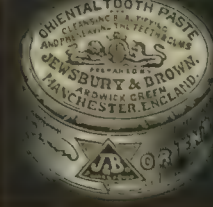
Prepared as directed, is rich in those substances which nourish and sustain children and sick persons. Always uniform, easily prepared, speedily digested and absorbed.

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INSTANTLY STOPS INFECTION.

Be assured it is **BEST** to use only the **BEST**.

The 1/- Bottle makes Ten Gallons of Disinfectant so powerful as to destroy the germs of Smallpox, Typhoid, and other Fevers, and all Infectious Diseases.

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DISINFECTANT**

Absolutely unique
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— FOR DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS. —



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per 100 ;

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STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES.

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GOOD-CLASS
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**ARDATH
TOBACCO
CO.,**
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Suitable for Children
of all ages.

*Wright's
Coal Tar
Soap*

PROTECTS FROM
INFECTIOUS
DISEASES.

*The
Nursery
Soap.*

4D.

Per Tablet.

A MAY SALMON.

In curves the yellowing river ran,
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan
Above the teeming ground.—TENNYSON.

When I peeped round my bed-room blind at six a.m., my spirits fell—it was snowing hard. Big white flakes thick in the air were whirling and dancing wildly, chasing each other to earth, and making a white covering there, more like a Christmas morning than a kindly morn of May. By starting-time the snowfall had ceased, and the warm sun, wherever it could beat on the layer of crystals, had liquefied them, and it was only in the shadows of houses and in such places as the sunshine could not penetrate that any evidence of the wintry visitation was visible. Fifteen miles inland, however, and 500 ft. above sea-level, the fields lay white and the hills were mantled in layers of dazzling purity, deep enough to hide every trace of vegetation. Brilliantly

white their rounded forms shone in the purified air, and keen and shrewd was the wind that blew across their freezing shoulders. Strange incongruity and wild inversion, almost impossible to believe—green buds expanding at the accustomed call of summer, the larks shrilling joyously in the sky, and yet the palpable signs of winter meeting you on every side. Catkins powdered with sparkling snowflakes, tufts of green grass protruding through sundry gaps in the pure sheet and taming the glaring white with green. The blossoms of the wild cherry and the blackthorn and the delicate rose-tinted petals of the wood anemone seem to feel themselves extinguished amidst so much of white. The birches, but a week ago all purple in tint, have now thrown out their spangles of gold; the first fresh green of the wood-sorrel's trefoil is peeping timid and tender from under the withered coverlet of bleached or hectic leaves, and the delicate lacework of last year's bracken is shrivelling into the earth from which it sprang.

The river glides on at its own sweet will, as of yore, unperturbed by the apparent topsy-turvydom that the prolonged "gab" of May has brought about. The first glimpses you catch of its swelling bosom as you thread your way through the footpath, strewn thick with fallen fir-needles, seem promising enough. Here at last is the fishing-hut, sheltered from the north by a ridge of hill and a wall of branching beeches just bursting into bud; you are in a perfect haven of peace, and may bathe in the glorious sunshine that plays with ever-changing lustre on the surface of the stream and on the rich amber colours of its inner depths. Pale sherry is the tint of the shallower shingle, but it deepens to tawny port in the pools beyond.

You soon get to work, and, preliminary accoutrements over, are in a short time *cap-à-pie* in mid-stream, casting forth with all the brisk alertness and keen endeavour that come of fresh muscles and

MERRYWEATHERS' 'VALIANT'

For COUNTRY HOUSE
FIRE PROTECTION.



AS SUPPLIED TO
The Earls of Scarborough, Londesborough, Temple,
Fitzhardinge; Sir C. D. Acland, Sir Edward Malet,
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Write for Pamphlet No. 520.
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INVALUABLE FOR FRICTION PURPOSES.
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Approval Carriage Free both ways. Easy terms. 20 years' warranty. Secondhand good Cottages from 7 guineas; iron-framed, full richard Pianos from 12½ per month. Organs from 4 guineas. Full price paid allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument.

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Open till 7. Saturdays 3.

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A SAFE SPRING MEDICINE.

The importance of a blood-purifying medicine at this time of year cannot be over-estimated. You have noticed that pimples, blotches, and "breakings-out" come in the springtime. These are the outward signs of impurities in the system, and require prompt treatment.

HOLMES' LIVER SALT

is the finest Spring Medicine you can take. It purifies and cools the blood, and rapidly expels poisonous matter from the body without inconvenience. Buy a bottle to-day of your chemist for 2s., or post free for 2s. 4d. from

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Age and genuineness of this Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Dept of the Canadian Govt by Certificate over the capsule of every bottle.

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BABIES ON FIRE

With Itching, Burning, Scaly Humours

Find Instant Relief and Speedy Cure

In Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment

When All Other Remedies and the Best Physicians Fail.

Instant relief and refreshing sleep for skin-tortured babies and rest for tired mothers in warm baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, and purest of emollients, to be followed in severe cases by mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent Pills. This is the purest, sweetest, most speedy, permanent and economical treatment for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted and pimply skin and scalp humours, eczemas, rashes and irritations, with loss of hair, of infants and children, as well as adults, and is sure to succeed when all other remedies and physicians fail.

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Jim Dumps declared, "It is a fact:
To win success a man must act,
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The man himself becomes a
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'Force' suits my case, it gives
me vim;
'I'll move the world," says "Sunny
Jim."

"FORCE"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

makes willing
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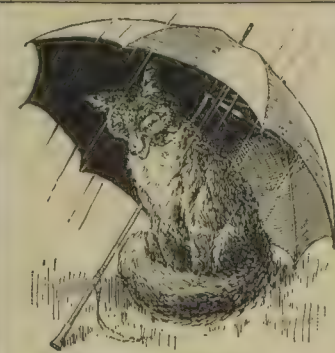
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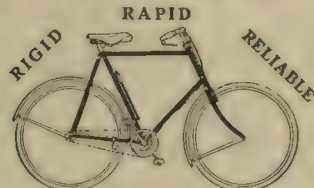
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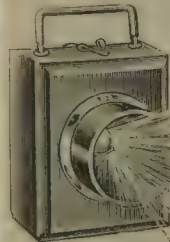
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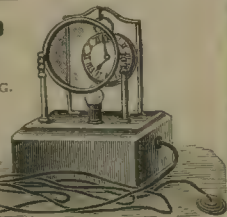
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According to the Secretary of the Federation of Grocers' Associations of the United Kingdom, in 11 cases of adulteration out of 26, the adulteration "consisted in the use of preservatives."

Reporting on Allsopp's Lager, the *Lancet* says:—"We could trace no objectionable preservatives in the beer, while it keeps perfectly sound and bright."

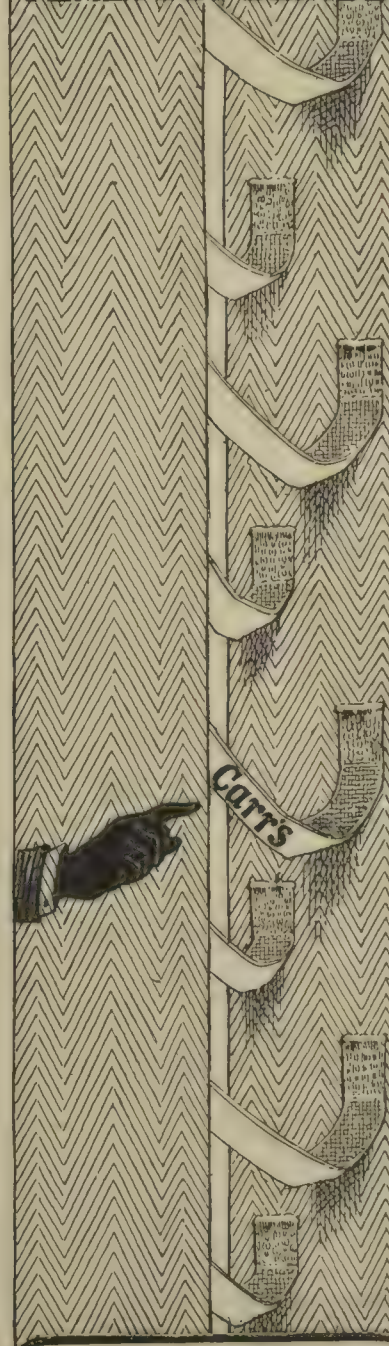
ALLSOPP'S LAGER can be obtained of all Licensed Grocers, Wine and Spirit Merchants and Dealers. Half-Pints at 2/- dozen, Reputed Pints at 2/9, and Pints at 3/6 dozen—about the cost of ordinary beer.

Lager.

S.H.B.: A. 105.

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It is most important that purchasers should be sure they are getting the right quality, and they should insist upon seeing the name "Carr's" which is stamped on one of the interwoven cross-straps once in every yard.

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HAIR RENEWER**

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

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NOTICE.

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underrated hope. Your fly is a medium-sized "Jenny," with double hooks, and you are pondering whether its dainty shape will prove attractive to the lidless eyes that must be watching its zigzag course through its semicircular orbit. Meantime your friend is equipped, and passes downstream shouting a farewell direction to push on and join him at the elbow. The echo of his voice is hardly stilled when, a few yards on the farther side of your fly, a fish springs clear of the water with that indescribable curve in his caudal fin that looks so beautifully fetching in mid-air. One step down and another cast; then another, and when the fly is half-way across and end-on in the rushing current there flashes on your retina the outline of a rising fish, golden behind three inches of translucent water. He has come at your line in the most business-like style; he is fast, and the music of the reel shrills out as a merry accompaniment to the

thrill of your nerves. Your colleague has heard and is already hurrying to your help. You, on your part, work your way slowly and cautiously through a bounding current to the greater stability of the bank. The fish has gone downstream, but turns and forges up the rush at a steady, even pace, while you recover line and keep ahead of his probable path. The old, old tactics, up and down, across and back; there is nothing new under the sun. Only he is stubborn and strong, and it is some time before semi-exhaustion brings him to close quarters and into view. At length, however, the moment of capitulation is at hand, and although he makes a few wild and spasmodic dashes for freedom, the gaff is in his shining armour and he is secure on the sandy bank, baffled, beaten, but beautiful even in death.

Time is precious, however, and you resume operations with an ardour redoubled by success. It

is still short of noon when, lower down in a line between a prominent rock and a full-fledged Scotch fir on the opposite bank, you are fast in another fish, who takes your fly under water and gives no premonitory signs of his intentions. The strain and the pace are not excessive, and on the first show you are aware that this is a fish pretty much the same as the last, both in size and character. But I lost him.

Weary with wading in deep waters, and with shoulder-muscles aching from the unaccustomed labour of casting, you trudge home with your one fish, not ill-content. The hills are less white, but the wind is as snell as in the morning; you have tasted the cup of joy; and sky and hill, tree and bird fall into the background of your thoughts, and one fair vision haunts you—the golden flash that preluded the single triumph of the day.

HOVENDEN'S "EASY" HAIR CURLER

WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.



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ARE EFFECTIVE,
AND REQUIRE NO SKILL
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For Very Bold Curls

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CURLERS.

SAME PRICE

12 CURLERS IN BOX.

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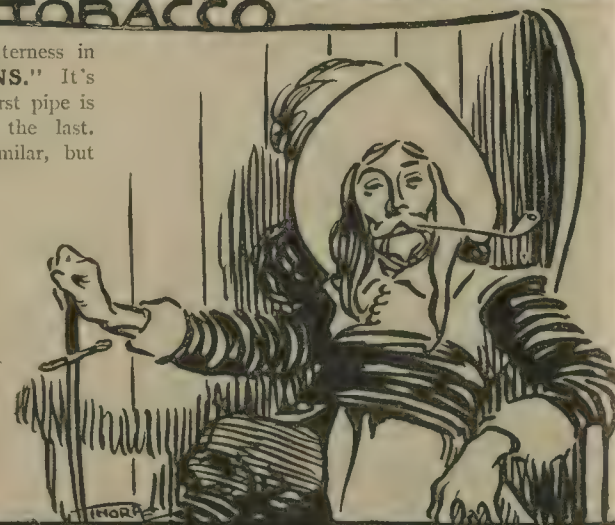
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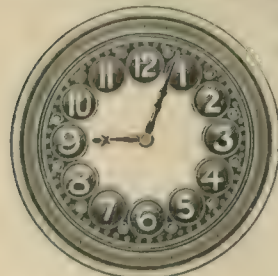
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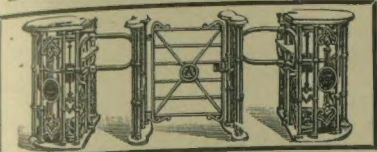


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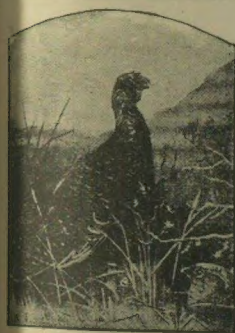
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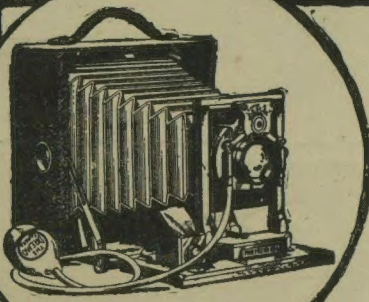
Fits the figure in any position. Is quickly adjusted by the occupant.
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HEAD REST adjustable in height.
TABLE & READING DESK adjustable & detachable.

The Chair that fits every inclination—suits
every impulse—rests every limb.

J. FOOT & SON (Dept. R. C. 7),
171, New Bond Street, London, W.

Booklet,
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Comfort,"
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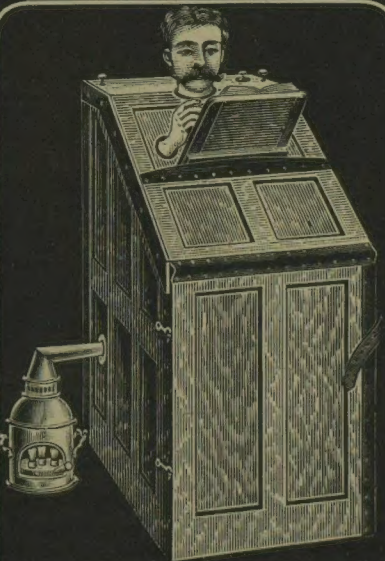
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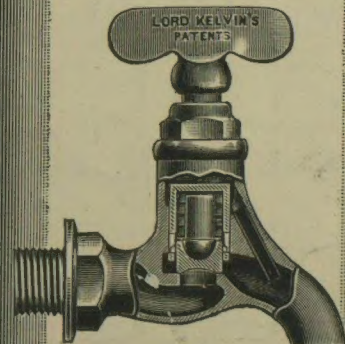
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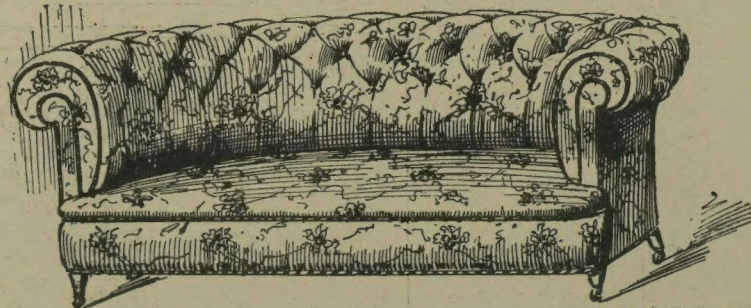
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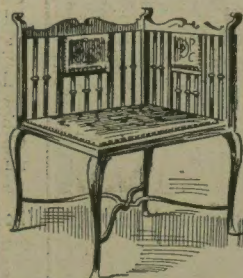
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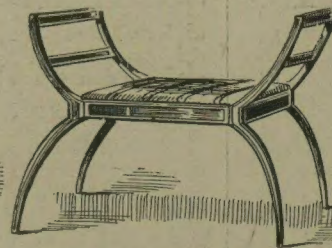
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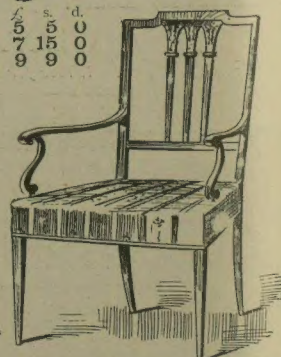
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